

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1189. Fourth Series, No. 50. 16 March, 1867.

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MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MADAME RECAMIER. Translated from the French, and Edited by I. M. Luyster. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.

Second " " 20 " 50 "

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## LINES ON LEAVING EUROPE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

BRIGHT flag at yonder tapering mast,  
 Fling out your field of azure blue;  
 Let star and stripe be westward cast,  
 And point as Freedom's eagle flew!  
 Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!  
 Point home, my country's flag of stars!

The wind blows fair, the vessel feels  
 The pressure of the rising breeze,  
 And, swiftest of a thousand keels,  
 She leaps to the careering seas!  
 O, fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,  
 In whose white breast I seem to lie,  
 How oft, when blew this eastern gale,  
 I've seen your semblance in the sky,  
 And long'd, with breaking heart, to flee  
 On such white pinions o'er the sea!

Adieu, O lands of fame and eld!  
 I turn to watch our foamy track,  
 And thoughts with which I first beheld  
 Yon clouded line, come hurrying back;  
 My lips are dry with vague desire,  
 My cheek once more is hot with joy;  
 My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire!  
 O, what has changed that traveller-boy!  
 As leaves the ship this dying foam,  
 His visions fade behind, his weary heart speeds  
 home.

Adieu, O soft and southern shore,  
 Where dwelt the stars long miss'd in heaven:  
 Those forms of beauty, seen no more,  
 Yet once to Art's rapt vision given!  
 O, still the enamour'd sun delays,  
 And pries through fount and crumbling fane,  
 To win to his adoring gaze  
 Those children of the sky again!  
 Irradiate beauty, such as never  
 That light on other earth hath shone,  
 Hath made this land her home forever;  
 And, could I live for this alone,  
 Were not my birthright brighter far  
 Than such voluptuous slave's can be;  
 Held not the West one glorious star,  
 New-born and blazing for the free,

Soar'd not to heaven our eagle yet,  
 Rome, with her helot sons, should teach me to  
 forget.

Adieu, oh fatherland! I see  
 Your white cliffs on the horizon's rim,  
 And, though to freer skies I flee,  
 My heart swells, and my eyes are dim!  
 As knows the dove the task you give her,  
 When loosed upon a foreign shore;  
 As spreads the rain-drop in the river  
 In which it may have flow'd before —  
 To England, over vale and mountain,  
 My fancy flew from climes more fair,  
 My blood, that knew its parent fountain,  
 Ran warm and fast in England's air.

My mother! in thy prayer to-night  
 There come new words and warmer tears!  
 On long, long darkness breaks the light,  
 Comes home the loved, the lost for years!  
 Sleep safe, O wave-worn mariner,  
 Fear not, to-night, or storm or sea!  
 The ear of Heaven bends low to *her*!  
 He comes to shore who sails with me!  
 The wind-toss'd spider needs no token  
 How stands the tree when lightnings blaze:  
 And, by a thread from heaven unbroken,  
 I know my mother lives and prays!

Dear mother! when our lips can speak,  
 When first our tears will let us see,  
 When I can gaze upon thy cheek,  
 And thou, with thy dear eyes, on me —  
 'Twill be a pastime little sad  
 To trace what weight Time's heavy fingers  
 Upon each other's forms have had;  
 For all may flee, so feeling lingers!  
 But there's a change, beloved mother,  
 To stir far deeper thoughts of thine;  
 I come — but with me comes another,  
 To share the heart once only mine!  
 Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and  
 lonely,  
 One star arose in memory's heaven;  
 Thou, who hast watch'd *one* treasure only,  
 Water'd *one* flower with tears at even:  
 Room in thy heart! The hearth she left  
 Is darken'd to make light to ours!  
 There are bright flowers of care bereft,  
 And hearts that languish more than flowers;  
 She was their light, their very air —  
 Room, mother, in thy heart! place for her in  
 thy prayer!

## INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Delivered to the University of St. Andrews, Feb.  
1st, 1867.

By JOHN STUART MILL, Rector of the University.

IN complying with the custom which prescribes that the person whom you have called by your suffrages to the honorary presidency of your University should embody in an Address a few thoughts on the subjects which most nearly concern a seat of liberal education ; let me begin by saying, that this usage appears to me highly commendable. Education, in its larger sense, is one of the most inexhaustible of all topics. Though there is hardly any subject on which so much has been written, by so many of the wisest men, it is as fresh to those who come to it with a fresh mind, a mind not hopelessly filled full with other people's conclusions, as it was to the first explorers of it : and notwithstanding the great mass of excellent things which have been said respecting it, no thoughtful person finds any lack of things both great and small still waiting to be said, or waiting to be developed and followed out to their consequences. Education, moreover, is one of the subjects which most essentially require to be considered by various minds, and from a variety of points of view. For, of all many-sided subjects, it is the one which has the greatest number of sides. Not only does it include whatever we do for ourselves, and whatever is done for us by others, for the express purpose of bringing us somewhat nearer to the perfection of our nature ; it does more : in its largest acceptation, it comprehends even the indirect effects produced on character and on the human faculties, by things of which the direct purposes are quite different ; by laws, by forms of government, by the industrial arts, by modes of social life ; nay even by physical facts not dependent on human will ; by climate, soil, and local position. Whatever helps to shape the human being ; to make the individual what he is, or hinder him from being what he is not — is part of his education. And a very bad education it often is ; requiring all that can be done by cultivated intelligence and will, to counteract its tendencies. To take an obvious

instance ; the niggardliness of Nature in some places, by engrossing the whole energies of the human being in the mere preservation of life, and her over-bounty in others, affording a sort of brutish subsistence on too easy terms, with hardly any exertion of the human faculties, are both hostile to the spontaneous growth and development of the mind ; and it is at those two extremes of the scale that we find human societies in the state of most unmitigated savagery. I shall confine myself, however, to education in the narrower sense ; the culture which each generation purposely gives to those who are to be its successors, in order to qualify them for at least keeping up, and if possible for raising, the level of improvement which has been attained. Nearly all here present are daily occupied either in receiving or in giving this sort of education : and the part of it which most concerns you at present is that in which you are yourselves engaged — the stage of education which is the appointed business of a national University.

The proper function of an University in national education is tolerably well understood. At least there is a tolerably general agreement about what an University is not. It is not a place of professional education. Universities are not intended to teach the knowledge required to fit men for some special mode of gaining their livelihood. Their object is not to make skilful lawyers, or physicians, or engineers, but capable and cultivated human beings. It is very right that there should be public facilities for the study of professions. It is well that there should be Schools of Law, and of Medicine, and it would be well if there were schools of engineering, and the industrial arts. The countries which have such institutions are greatly the better for them ; and there is something to be said for having them in the same localities, and under the same general superintendence, as the establishments devoted to education properly so called. But these things are no part of what every generation owes to the next, as that on which its civilization and worth will principally depend. They are needed only by a comparatively few, who are under the strongest private inducements to acquire

them by their own efforts; and even those few do not require them until after their education, in the ordinary sense, has been completed. Whether those whose speciality they are, will learn them as a branch of intelligence or as a mere trade, and whether, having learnt them, they will make a wise and conscientious use of them or the reverse, depends less on the manner in which they are taught their profession, than upon what sort of minds they bring to it — what kind of intelligence, and of conscience, the general system of education has developed in them. Men are men before they are lawyers, or physicians, or merchants, or manufacturers; and if you make them capable and sensible men, they will make themselves capable and sensible lawyers or physicians. What professional men should carry away with them from an University, is not professional knowledge, but that which should direct the use of their professional knowledge, and bring the light of general culture to illuminate the technicalities of a special pursuit. Men may be competent lawyers without general education, but it depends on general education to make them philosophic lawyers — who demand, and are capable of apprehending, principles, instead of merely cramming their memory with details. And so of all other useful pursuits, mechanical included. Education makes a man a more intelligent shoemaker, if that be his occupation, but not by teaching him how to make shoes; it does so by the mental exercise it gives, and the habits it impresses.

This, then, is what a mathematician would call the higher limit of University education: its province ends where education, ceasing to be general, branches off into departments adapted to the individual's destination in life. The lower limit is more difficult to define. An University is not concerned with elementary instruction: the pupil is supposed to have acquired that before coming here. But where does elementary instruction end, and the higher studies begin? Some have given a very wide extension to the idea of elementary instruction. According to them, it is not the office of an University to give instruction in single branches of knowledge from the commence-

ment. What the pupil should be taught here (they think), is to methodize his knowledge: to look at every separate part of it in its relation to the other parts, and to the whole; combining the partial glimpses which he has obtained of the field of human knowledge at different points, into a general map, if I may so speak, of the entire region; observing how all knowledge is connected, how we ascend to one branch by means of another, how the higher modifies the lower, and the lower helps us to understand the higher; how every existing reality is a compound of many properties, of which each science or distinct mode of study reveals but a small part, but the whole of which must be included to enable us to know it truly as a fact in Nature, and not as a mere abstraction.

This last stage of general education destined to give the pupil a comprehensive and connected view of the things which he has already learnt separately, includes a philosophic study of the Methods of the sciences; the modes in which the human intellect proceeds from the known to the unknown. We must be taught to generalize our conception of the resources which the human mind possesses for the exploration of nature; to understand how man discovers the real facts of the world, and by what tests he can judge whether he has really found them. And doubtless this is the crown and consummation of a liberal education: but before we restrict an University to this highest department of instruction — before we confine it to teaching, not knowledge, but the philosophy of knowledge — we must be assured that the knowledge itself has been acquired elsewhere. Those who take this view of the function of an University are not wrong in thinking that the schools, as distinguished from the universities, ought to be adequate to teaching every branch of general instruction required by youth, so far as it can be studied apart from the rest. But where are such schools to be found? Since science assumed its modern character, nowhere: and in these islands less even than elsewhere. This ancient kingdom, thanks to its great religious reformers, had the inestimable advantage, denied to its southern sister, of excellent parish schools, which



gave, really and not in pretence, a considerable amount of valuable literary instruction to the bulk of the population, two centuries earlier than in any other country. But schools of a still higher description have been, even in Scotland, so few and inadequate, that the Universities have had to perform largely the functions which ought to be performed by schools; receiving students at an early age, and undertaking not only the work for which the schools should have prepared them, but much of the preparation itself. Every Scottish University is not an University only, but a High School, to supply the deficiency of other schools. And if the English Universities do not do the same, it is not because the same need does not exist, but because it is disregarded. Youths come to the Scottish Universities ignorant, and are there taught. The majority of those who come to the English Universities come still more ignorant, and ignorant they go away.

In point of fact, therefore, the office of a Scottish University comprises the whole of a liberal education, from the foundations upwards. And the scheme of your Universities has, almost from the beginning, really aimed at including the whole, both in depth and in breadth. You have not, as the English Universities so long did, confined all the stress of your teaching, all your real effort to teach, within the limits of two subjects, the classical languages and mathematics. You did not wait till the last few years to establish a Natural Science and a Moral Science Tripos. Instruction in both those departments was organized long ago; and your teachers of those subjects have not been nominal professors, who did not lecture: some of the greatest names in physical and in moral science have taught in your Universities and by their teaching contributed to form some of the most distinguished intellects of the last and present centuries. To comment upon the course of education at the Scottish Universities is to pass in review every essential department of general culture. The best use, then, which I am able to make of the present occasion, is to offer a few remarks on each of those departments, considered in its relation to human cultivation at large: adverting to the nature of the

claims which each has to a place in liberal education; in what special manner they each conduce to the improvement of the individual mind and the benefit of the race; and how they all conspire to the common end, the strengthening, exalting, purifying and beautifying of our common nature, and the fitting out of mankind with the necessary mental implements for the work they have to perform through life.

Let me first say a few words on the great controversy of the present day with regard to the higher education, the difference which most broadly divides educational reformers and conservatives; the vexed question between the ancient languages and the modern sciences and arts; whether general education should be classical — let me use a wider expression, and say literary — or scientific. A dispute as endlessly, and often as fruitlessly agitated as that old controversy which it resembles, made memorable by the names of Swift and Sir William Temple in England and Fontenelle in France — the contest for superiority between the ancients and the moderns. This question, whether we should be taught the classics or the sciences, seems to me, I confess, very like a dispute whether painters should cultivate drawing or colouring, or, to use a more homely illustration, whether a tailor should make coats or trousers. I can only reply by the question, why not both? Can anything deserve the name of a good education which does not include literature and science too? If there were no more to be said than that scientific education teaches us to think, and literary education to express our thoughts, do we not require both? and is not any one a poor, maimed, lopsided fragment of humanity who is deficient in either? We are not obliged to ask ourselves whether it is more important to know the languages or the sciences. Short as life is, and shorter still as we make it by the time we waste on things which are neither business, nor meditation, nor pleasure, we are not so badly off that our scholars need be ignorant of the laws and properties of the world they live in, or our scientific men destitute of poetic feeling and artistic cultivation. I am amazed at the limited conception which many educational reformers have formed to themselves

of a human being's power of acquisition. The study of science, they truly say, is indispensable: our present education neglects it: there is truth in this too, though it is not all truth: and they think it impossible to find room for the studies which they desire to encourage, but by turning out, at least from general education, those which are now chiefly cultivated. How absurd, they say, that the whole of boyhood should be taken up in acquiring an imperfect knowledge of two dead languages. Absurd indeed: but is the human mind's capacity to learn, measured by that of Eton and Westminster to teach? I should prefer to see these reformers pointing their attacks against the shameful inefficiency of the schools, public and private, which pretend to teach these two languages and do not. I should like to hear them denounce the wretched methods of teaching, and the criminal idleness and supineness, which waste the entire boyhood of the pupils without really giving to most of them more than a smattering, if even that, of the only kind of knowledge which is even pretended to be cared for. Let us try what conscientious and intelligent teaching can do, before we presume to decide what cannot be done.

Scotland has on the whole, in this respect, been considerably more fortunate than England. Scotch youths have never found it impossible to leave school or the university having learnt somewhat of other things besides Greek and Latin; and why? Because Greek and Latin have been better taught. A beginning of classical instruction has all along been made in the common schools: and the common schools of Scotland, like her Universities, have never been the mere shams that the English Universities were during the last century, and the greater part of the English classical schools still are. The only tolerable Latin Grammars for school purposes that I know of, which had been produced in these islands until very lately, were written by Scotchmen. Reason, indeed, is beginning to find its way by gradual infiltration even into English schools, and to maintain a contest, though as yet a very unequal one, against routine. A few practical reformers of school tuition, of whom Arnold was the

most eminent, have made a beginning of amendment in many things: but reforms, worthy of the name, are always slow, and reform even of governments and churches is not so slow as that of schools, for there is the great preliminary difficulty of fashioning the instruments: of teaching the teachers. If all the improvements in the mode of teaching languages which are already sanctioned by experience, were adopted into our classical schools, we should soon cease to hear of Latin and Greek as studies which must engross the school years, and render impossible any other acquirements. If a boy learnt Greek and Latin on the same principle on which a mere child learns with such ease and rapidity any modern language, namely, by acquiring some familiarity with the vocabulary by practice and repetition, before being troubled with grammatical rules — those rules being acquired with ten fold greater facility when the cases to which they apply are already familiar to the mind; an average schoolboy, long before the age at which schooling terminates, would be able to read fluently and with intelligent interest any ordinary Latin or Greek author in prose or verse, would have a competent knowledge of the grammatical structure of both languages, and have had time besides for an ample amount of scientific instruction. I might go much further; but I am as unwilling to speak out all that I think practicable in this matter, as George Stephenson was about railways, when he calculated the average speed of a train at ten miles an hour, because if he had estimated it higher, the practical men would have turned a deaf ear to him, as that most unsafe character in their estimation, an enthusiast and a visionary. The results have shown, in that case, who was the real practical man. What the results would show in the other case, I will not attempt to anticipate. But I will say confidently, that if the two classical languages were properly taught, there would be no need whatever for ejecting them from the school course, in order to have sufficient time for everything else that need be included therein.

Let me say a few words more on this strangely limited estimate of what it is possible for human beings to learn, resting on

a tacit assumption that they are already as efficiently taught as they ever can be. So narrow a conception not only vitiates our idea of education, but actually, if we receive it, darkens our anticipations as to the future progress of mankind. For if the inexorable conditions of human life make it useless for one man to attempt to know more than one thing, what is to become of the human intellect as facts accumulate? In every generation, and now more rapidly than ever, the things which it is necessary that somebody should know are more and more multiplied. Every department of knowledge becomes so loaded with details, that one who endeavours to know it with minute accuracy, must confine himself to a smaller and smaller portion of the whole extent: every science and art must be cut up into subdivisions, until each man's portion, the district which he thoroughly knows, bears about the same ratio to the whole range of useful knowledge that the art of putting on a pin's head does to the field of human industry. Now, if in order to know that little completely, it is necessary to remain wholly ignorant of all the rest, what will soon be the worth of a man, for any human purpose except his own infinitesimal fraction of human wants and requirements? His state will be even worse than that of simple ignorance. Experience proves that there is no one study or pursuit, which, practised to the exclusion of all others, does not narrow and pervert the mind; breeding in it a class of prejudices special to that pursuit, besides a general prejudice, common to all narrow specialities, against large views, from an incapacity to take in and appreciate the grounds of them. We should have to expect that human nature would be more and more dwarfed, and unfitted for great things, by its very proficiency in small ones. But matters are not so bad with us: there is no ground for so dreary an anticipation. It is not the utmost limit of human acquirement to know only one thing, but to combine a minute knowledge of one or a few things with a general knowledge of many things. By a general knowledge I do not mean a few vague impressions. An eminent man, one of whose writings is part of the course of this University, Archbishop Whate-

ly, has well discriminated between a general knowledge and a superficial knowledge. To have a general knowledge of a subject is to know only its leading truths, but to know these not superficially but thoroughly, so as to have a true conception of the subject in its great features; leaving the minor details to those who require them for the purposes of their special pursuit. There is no incompatibility between knowing a wide range of subjects up to this point, and some one subject with the completeness required by those who make it their principal occupation. It is this combination which gives an enlightened public: a body of cultivated intellects, each taught by its attainments in its own province what real knowledge is, and knowing enough of other subjects to be able to discern who are those that know them better. The amount of knowledge is not to be lightly estimated, which qualifies us for judging to whom we may have recourse for more. The elements of the more important studies being widely diffused, those who have reached the higher summits find a public capable of appreciating their superiority, and prepared to follow their lead. It is thus too that minds are formed capable of guiding and improving public opinion on the greater concerns of practical life. Government and civil society, are the most complicated of all subjects accessible to the human mind: and he who would deal competently with them as a thinker, and not as a blind follower of a party, requires not only a general knowledge of the leading facts of life, both moral and material, but an understanding exercised and disciplined in the principles and rules of sound thinking, up to a point which neither the experience of life, nor any one science or branch of knowledge, affords. Let us understand, then, that it should be our aim in learning, not merely to know the one thing which is to be our principal occupation, as well as it can be known, but to do this and also to know something of all the great subjects of human interest; taking care to know that something accurately; marking well the dividing line between what we know accurately and what we do not: and remembering that our object should be to obtain a true view of nature

and life in their broad outline, and that it is idle to throw away time upon the details of anything which is to form no part of the occupation of our practical energies.

It by no means follows, however, that every useful branch of general, as distinct from professional, knowledge, should be included in the curriculum of school or university studies. There are things which are better learnt out of school, or when the school years, and even those usually passed in a Scottish university, are over. I do not agree with those reformers who would give a regular and prominent place in the school or university course to modern languages. This is not because I attach small importance to the knowledge of them. No one can in our age be esteemed a well-instructed person who is not familiar with at least the French language, so as to read French books with ease; and there is great use in cultivating a familiarity with German. But living languages are so much more easily acquired by intercourse with those who use them in daily life; a few months in the country itself, if properly employed, go so much farther than as many years of school lessons; that it is really waste of time for those to whom that easier mode is attainable, to labour at them with no help but that of books and masters; and it will in time be made attainable, through international schools and colleges, to many more than at present. Universities do enough to facilitate the study of modern languages, if they give a mastery over that ancient language which is the foundation of most of them, and the possession of which makes it easier to learn four or five of the continental languages than it is to learn one of them without it. Again, it has always seemed to me a great absurdity that history and geography should be taught in schools; except in elementary schools for the children of the labouring classes, whose subsequent access to books is limited. Who ever really learnt history and geography except by private reading? and what an utter failure a system of education must be, if it has not given the pupil a sufficient taste for reading to seek for himself those most attractive and easily intelligible of all kinds of knowledge? Besides,

such history and geography as can be taught in schools exercise none of the faculties of the intelligence except the memory. An University is indeed the place where the student should be introduced to the Philosophy of History; where Professors who not merely know the facts but have exercised their minds on them, should initiate him into the causes and explanation, so far as within our reach, of the past life of mankind in its principal features. Historical criticism also—the tests of historical truth—are a subject to which his attention may well be drawn in this stage of his education. But of the mere facts of history, as commonly accepted, what educated youth of any mental activity does not learn as much as is necessary, if he is simply turned loose into an historical library? What he needs on this, and on most other matters of common information, is not that he should be taught in boyhood, but that abundance of books should be accessible to him.

The only languages, then, and the only literature, to which I would allow a place in the ordinary curriculum, are those of the Greeks and Romans; and to these I would preserve the position in it which they at present occupy. That position is justified, by the great value, in education, of knowing well some other cultivated language and literature than one's own, and by the peculiar value of those particular languages and literatures.

There is one purely intellectual benefit from a knowledge of languages, which I am specially desirous to dwell on. Those who have seriously reflected on the causes of human error, have been deeply impressed with the tendency of mankind to mistake words for things. Without entering into the metaphysics of the subject, we know how common it is to use words glibly and with apparent propriety, and to accept them confidently when used by others, without ever having had any distinct conception of the things denoted by them. To quote again from Archbishop Whately, it is the habit of mankind to mistake familiarity for accurate knowledge. As we seldom think of asking the meaning of what we see every day, so when our ears are used to the sound of a word or a phrase, we do not

suspect that it conveys no clear idea to our minds, and that we should have the utmost difficulty in defining it, or expressing, in any other words, what we think we understand by it. Now it is obvious in what manner this bad habit tends to be corrected by the practice of translating with accuracy from one language to another, and hunting out the meanings expressed in a vocabulary with which we have not grown familiar by early and constant use. I hardly know any greater proof of the extraordinary genius of the Greeks, than that they were able to make such brilliant achievements in abstract thought, knowing, as they generally did, no language but their own. But the Greeks did not escape the effects of this deficiency. Their greatest intellects, those who laid the foundation of philosophy and of all our intellectual culture, Plato and Aristotle, are continually led away by words; mistaking the accidents of language for real relations in nature, and supposing that things which have the same name in the Greek tongue must be the same in their own essence. There is a well known saying of Hobbes, the far-reaching significance of which you will more and more appreciate in proportion to the growth of your own intellect: "Words are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools." With the wise man a word stands for the fact which it represents; to the fool it is itself the fact. To carry on Hobbes' metaphor, the counter is far more likely to be taken for merely what it is, by those who are in the habit of using many different kinds of counters. But besides the advantage of possessing another cultivated language, there is a further consideration equally important. Without knowing the language of a people, we never really know their thoughts, their feelings, and their type of character: and unless we do possess this knowledge, of some other people than ourselves, we remain, to the hour of our death, with our intellects only half expanded. Look at a youth who has never been out of his family circle: he never dreams of any other opinions or ways of thinking than those he has been bred up in; or, if he has heard of any such, attributes them to some moral defect, or inferiority of nature or education. If

his family are Tory, he cannot conceive the possibility of being a Liberal; if Liberal, of being a Tory. What the notions and habits of a single family are to a boy who has had no intercourse beyond it, the notions and habits of his own country are to him who is ignorant of every other. Those notions and habits are to him human nature itself; whatever varies from them is unaccountable aberration which he cannot mentally realize: the idea that any other ways can be right, or as near an approach to right as some of his own, is inconceivable to him. This does not merely close his eyes to the many things which every country still has to learn from others: it hinders every country from reaching the improvement which it could otherwise attain by itself. We are not likely to correct any of our opinions or mend any of our ways, unless we begin by conceiving that they are capable of amendment: but merely to know that foreigners think differently from ourselves, without understanding why they do so, or what they really do think, does but confirm us in our self-conceit, and connect our national vanity with the preservation of our own peculiarities. Improvement consists in bringing our opinions into nearer agreement with facts; and we shall not be likely to do this while we look at facts only through glasses coloured by those very opinions. But since we cannot divest ourselves of preconceived notions, there is no known means of eliminating their influence but by frequently using the differently coloured glasses of other people: and those of other nations, as the most different, are the best.

But if it is so useful, on this account, to know the language and literature of any other cultivated and civilized people, the most valuable of all to us in this respect are the languages and literature of the ancients. No nations of modern and civilized Europe are so unlike one another, as the Greeks and Roman are unlike all of us; yet without being, as some remote Orientals are, so totally dissimilar, that the labour of a life is required to enable us to understand them. Were this the only gain to be derived from a knowledge of the ancients, it would already place the study of them in



a high rank among enlightening and liberalizing pursuits. It is of no use saying that we may know them through modern writings. We may know something of them in that way; which is much better than knowing nothing. But modern books do not teach us ancient thought; they teach us some modern writer's notion of ancient thought. Modern books do not show us the Greeks and Romans, they tell us some modern writer's opinions about the Greeks and Romans. Translations are scarcely better. When we want really to know what a person thinks or says, we seek it at first hand from himself. We do not trust to another person's impression of his meaning, given in another person's words; we refer to his own. Much more is it necessary to do so when his words are in one language, and those of his reporter in another. Modern phraseology never conveys the exact meaning of a Greek writer; it cannot do so, except by a diffuse explanatory circumlocution which no translator dares use. We must be able, in a certain degree, to think in Greek; if we would represent to ourselves how a Greek thought; and this not only in the abstruse region of metaphysics, but about the political, religious, and even domestic concerns of life. I will mention a further aspect of this question, which, though I have not the merit of originating it, I do not remember to have seen noticed in any book. There is no part of our knowledge which it is more useful to obtain at first hand — to go to the fountain head for — than our knowledge of history. Yet this, in most cases, we hardly ever do. Our conception of the past is not drawn from its own records, but from books written about it, containing not the facts, but a view of the facts which has shaped itself in the mind of somebody of our own or a very recent time. Such books are very instructive and valuable; they help us to understand history, to interpret history, to draw just conclusions from it; at the worst, they set us the example of trying to do all this; but they are not themselves history. The knowledge they give is upon trust, and even when they have done their best, it is not only incomplete but partial, because confined to what a few modern writers have

seen in the materials, and have thought worth picking out from among them. How little we learn of our own ancestors from Hume, or Hallam, or Macaulay, compared with what we know if we add to what these tell us, even a little reading of cotemporary authors and documents! The most recent historians are so well aware of this, that they fill their pages with extracts from the original materials, feeling that these extracts are the real history, and their comments and thread of narrative are only helps towards understanding it. Now it is part of the great worth to us of our Greek and Latin studies, that in them we do read history in the original sources. We are in actual contact with cotemporary minds; we are not dependent on hearsay; we have something by which we can test and check the representations and theories of modern historians. It may be asked, why then not study the original materials of modern history? I answer, it is highly desirable to do so; and let me remark by the way, that even this requires a dead language; nearly all the documents prior to the Reformation, and many subsequent to it, being written in Latin. But the exploration of these documents, though a most useful pursuit, cannot be a branch of education. Not to speak of their vast extent, and the fragmentary nature of each, the strongest reason is, that in learning the spirit of our own past ages, until a comparatively recent period, from cotemporary writers, we learn hardly anything else. Those authors, with a few exceptions, are little worth reading on their own account. While, in studying the great writers of antiquity, we are not only learning to understand the ancient mind, but laying in a stock of wise thought and observation, still valuable to ourselves; and at the same time making ourselves familiar with a number of the most perfect and finished literary compositions which the human mind has produced — compositions which, from the altered conditions of human life, are likely to be seldom paralleled, in their sustained excellence, by the times to come.

Even as mere languages, no modern European language is so valuable a discipline to the intellect as those of Greece and



Rome, on account of their regular and complicated structure. Consider for a moment what grammar is. It is the most elementary part of logic. It is the beginning of the analysis of the thinking process. The principles and rules of grammar are the means by which the forms of language are made to correspond with the universal forms of thought. The distinctions between the various parts of speech, between the cases of nouns, the moods and tenses of verbs, the functions of particles, are distinctions in thought, not merely in words. Single nouns and verbs express objects and events, many of which can be cognized by the senses: but the modes of putting nouns and verbs together, express the relations of objects and events, which can be cognized only by the intellect; and each different mode corresponds to a different relation. The structure of every sentence is a lesson in logic. The various rules of syntax oblige us to distinguish between the subject and predicate of a proposition, between the agent, the action, and the thing acted upon; to mark when an idea is intended to modify or qualify, or merely to unite with, some other idea; what assertions are categorical, what only conditional; whether the intention is to express similarity or contrast, to make a plurality of assertions conjunctively or disjunctively; what portions of a sentence, though grammatically complete within themselves, are mere members or subordinate parts of the assertion made by the entire sentence. Such things form the subject-matter of universal grammar; and the languages which teach it best are those which have the most definite rules, and which provide distinct forms for the greatest number of distinctions in thought, so that if we fail to attend precisely and accurately to any of these, we cannot avoid committing a solecism in language. In these qualities the classical languages have an incomparable superiority over every modern language, and over all languages, dead or living, which have a literature worth being generally studied.

But the superiority of the literature itself, for purposes of education, is still more marked and decisive. Even in the substantial value of the matter of which it is the

vehicle, it is very far from having been superseded. The discoveries of the ancients in science have been greatly surpassed, and as much of them as is still valuable loses nothing by being incorporated in modern treatises: but what does not so well admit of being transferred bodily, and has been very imperfectly carried off even piecemeal, is the treasure which they accumulated of what may be called the wisdom of life: the rich store of experience of human nature and conduct, which the acute and observing minds of those ages, aided in their observations by the greater simplicity of manners and life, consigned to their writings, and most of which retains all its value. The speeches in Thucydides; the *Rhetoric*, *Ethics*, and *Politics* of Aristotle; the *Dialogues* of Plato; the *Orations* of Demosthenes; the *Satires*, and especially the *Epistles* of Horace; all the writings of Tacitus; the great work of Quintilian, a repertory of the best thoughts of the ancient world on all subjects connected with education; and, in a less formal manner, all that is left to us of the ancient historians, orators, philosophers, and even dramatists, are replete with remarks and maxims of singular good sense and penetration, applicable both to political and to private life: and the actual truths we find in them are even surpassed in value by the encouragement and help they give us in the pursuit of truth. Human invention has never produced anything so valuable, in the way both of stimulation and of discipline to the inquiring intellect, as the dialectics of the ancients, of which many of the works of Aristotle illustrate the theory, and those of Plato exhibit the practice. No modern writing comes near to these, in teaching, both by precept and example, the way to investigate truth, on those subjects, so vastly important to us, which remain matters of controversy, from the difficulty or impossibility of bringing them to a directly experimental test. To question all things; never to turn away from any difficulty; to accept no doctrine either from ourselves or from other people without a rigid scrutiny by negative criticism, letting no fallacy, or incoherence, or confusion of thought, slip by unperceived; above all, to

insist upon having the meaning of a word clearly understood before using it, and the meaning of a proposition before assenting to it; these are the lessons we learn from the ancient dialecticians. With all this vigorous management of the negative element, they inspire no scepticism about the reality of truth, or indifference to its pursuit. The noblest enthusiasm, both for the search after truth and for applying it to its highest uses, pervades these writers, Aristotle no less than Plato, though Plato has incomparably the greater power of imparting those feelings to others. In cultivating, therefore, the ancient languages as our best literary education, we are all the while laying an admirable foundation for ethical and philosophical culture. In purely literary excellence — in perfection of form — the pre-eminence of the ancients is not disputed. In every department which they attempted, and they attempted almost all, their composition, like their sculpture, has been to the greatest modern artists an example, to be looked up to with hopeless admiration, but of inappreciable value as a light on high, guiding their own endeavour. In prose and in poetry, in epic, lyric, or dramatic, as in historical, philosophical, and oratorical art, the pinnacle on which they stand is equally eminent. I am now speaking of the form, the artistic perfection of treatment: for, as regards substance, I consider modern poetry to be superior to ancient, in the same manner, though in a less degree, as modern science: it enters deeper into nature. The feelings of the modern mind are more various, more complex and manifold, than those of the ancients ever were. The modern mind is, what the ancient mind was not, brooding and self-conscious; and its meditative self-consciousness has discovered depths in the human soul which the Greeks and Romans did not dream of, and would not have understood. But what they had got to express, they expressed in a manner which few even of the greatest moderns have seriously attempted to rival. It must be remembered that they had more time, and that they wrote chiefly for a select class, possessed of leisure. To us who write in a hurry for people who read in a hurry, the

attempt to give an equal degree of finish would be loss of time. But to be familiar with perfect models is not the less important to us because the element in which we work precludes even the effort to equal them. They show us at least what excellence is, and make us desire it, and strive to get as near to it as is within our reach. And this is the value to us of the ancient writers, all the more emphatically, because their excellence does not admit of being copied, or directly imitated. It does not consist in a trick which can be learnt, but in the perfect adaptation of means to ends. The secret of the style of the great Greek and Roman authors, is that it is the perfection of good sense. In the first place, they never use a word without a meaning, or a word which adds nothing to the meaning. They always (to begin with) had a meaning; they knew what they wanted to say; and their whole purpose was to say it with the highest degree of exactness and completeness, and bring it home to the mind with the greatest possible clearness and vividness. It never entered into their thoughts to conceive of a piece of writing as beautiful in itself, abstractedly from what it had to express: its beauty must all be subservient to the most perfect expression of the sense. The *curiosa felicitas* which their critics ascribed in a pre-eminent degree to Horace, expresses the standard at which they all aimed. Their style is exactly described by Swift's definition, "the right words in the right places." Look at an oration of Demosthenes; there is nothing in it which calls attention to itself as style at all: it is only after a close examination we perceive that every word is what it should be, and where it should be, to lead the hearer smoothly and imperceptibly into the state of mind which the orator wishes to produce. The perfection of the workmanship is only visible in the total absence of any blemish or fault, and of anything which checks the flow of thought and feeling, anything which even momentarily distracts the mind from the main purpose. But then (as has been well said) it was not the object of Demosthenes to make the Athenians cry out "What a splendid speaker!" but to make them say "Let us march against Philip!"

It was only in the decline of ancient literature that ornament began to be cultivated merely as ornament. In the time of its maturity, not the merest epithet was put in because it was thought beautiful in itself; nor even for a merely descriptive purpose, for epithets purely descriptive were one of the corruptions of style which abound in Lucan, for example: the world had no business there unless it brought out some feature which was wanted, and helped to place the object in the light which the purpose of the composition required. These conditions being complied with, then indeed the intrinsic beauty of the means used was a source of additional effect, of which it behoved them to avail themselves, like rhythm and melody of versification. But these great writers knew that ornament for the sake of ornament, ornament which attracts attention to itself, and shines by its own beauties, only does so by calling off the mind from the main object, and thus not only interferes with the higher purpose of human discourse, which ought, and generally professes, to have some matter to communicate, apart from the mere excitement of the moment, but also spoils the perfection of the composition as a piece of fine art, by destroying the unity of effect. This, then, is the first great lesson in composition to be learnt from the classical authors. The second is, not to be prolix. In a single paragraph, Thucydides can give a clear and vivid representation of a battle, such as a reader who has once taken it into his mind can seldom forget. The most powerful and affecting piece of narrative perhaps in all historical literature, is the account of the Sicilian catastrophe in his seventh book, yet how few pages does it fill! The ancients were concise, because of the extreme pains they took with their compositions; almost all moderns are prolix, because they do not. The great ancients could express a thought so perfectly in a few words or sentences, that they did not need to add any more: the moderns, because they cannot bring it out clearly and completely at once, return again and again, heaping sentence upon sentence, each adding a little more elucidation, in hopes that though no single sentence ex-

presses the full meaning, the whole together may give a sufficient notion of it. In this respect I am afraid we are growing worse instead of better, for want of time and patience, and from the necessity we are in of addressing almost all writings to a busy and imperfectly prepared public. The demands of modern life are such — the work to be done, the mass to be worked upon, are so vast, that those who have anything particular to say — who have, as the phrase goes, any message to deliver — cannot afford to devote their time to the production of masterpieces. But they would do far worse than they do, if there had never been masterpieces, or if they had never known them. Early familiarity with the perfect, makes our most imperfect production far less bad than it otherwise would be. To have a high standard of excellence often makes the whole difference of rendering our work good when it would otherwise be mediocre.

For all these reasons I think it important to retain these two languages and literatures in the place they occupy, as a part of liberal education, that is, of the education of all who are not obliged by their circumstances to discontinue their scholastic studies at a very early age. But the same reasons which vindicate the place of classical studies in general education, show also the proper limitation of them. They should be carried as far as is sufficient to enable the pupil, in after life, to read the great works of ancient literature with ease. Those who have leisure and inclination to make scholarship, or ancient history, or general philology, their pursuit, of course require much more, but there is no room for more in general education. The laborious idleness in which the school-time is wasted away in the English classical schools deserves the severest reprehension. To what purpose should the most precious years of early life be irreparably squandered in learning to write bad Latin and Greek verses? I do not see that we are much the better even for those who end by writing good ones. I am often tempted to ask the favourites of nature and fortune, whether all the serious and important work of the world is done, that their time and energy

can be spared for these *nugæ difficiles*? I am not blind to the utility of composing in a language, as a means of learning it accurately. I hardly know any other means equally effectual. But why should not prose composition suffice? What need is there of original composition at all? if that can be called original which unfortunate schoolboys, without any thoughts to express, hammer out on compulsion from mere memory, acquiring the pernicious habit which a teacher should consider it one of his first duties to repress, that of merely stringing together borrowed phrases? The exercise in composition, most suitable to the requirements of learners, is that most valuable one, of retranslating from translated passages of a good author: and to this might be added, what still exists in many Continental places of education, occasional practice in talking Latin. There would be something to be said for the time spent in the manufacture of verses, if such practice were necessary for the enjoyment of ancient poetry; though it would be better to lose that enjoyment than to purchase it at so extravagant a price. But the beauties of a great poet would be a far poorer thing than they are, if they only impressed us through a knowledge of the technicalities of his art. The poet needed those technicalities: they are not necessary to us. They are essential for criticising a poem, but not for enjoying it. All that is wanted is sufficient familiarity with the language, for its meaning to reach us without any sense of effort, and clothed with the associations on which the poet counted for producing his effect. Whoever has this familiarity, and a practised ear, can have as keen a relish of the music of Virgil and Horace, as of Gray, or Burns, or Shelley, though he know not the metrical rules of a common Sapphic or Alcaic. I do not say that these rules ought not to be taught, but I would have a class apart for them, and would make the appropriate exercises an optional, not a compulsory part of the school teaching.

Much more might be said respecting classical instruction, and literary cultivation in general, as a part of liberal education. But it is time to speak of the uses of scientific instruction: or rather its indispensable

necessity, for it is recommended by every consideration which pleads for any high order of intellectual education at all.

The most obvious part of the value of scientific instruction, the mere information that it gives, speaks for itself. We are born into a world which we have not made; a world whose phenomena take place according to fixed laws, of which we do not bring any knowledge into the world with us. In such a world we are appointed to live, and in it all our work is to be done. Our whole working power depends on knowing the laws of the world—in other words, the properties of the things which we have to work with, and to work among, and to work upon. We may and do rely, for the greater part of this knowledge, on the few who in each department make its acquisition their main business in life. But unless an elementary knowledge of scientific truths is diffused among the public, they never know what is certain and what is not, or who are entitled to speak with authority and who are not: and they either have no faith at all in the testimony of science, or are the ready dupes of charlatans and impostors. They alternate between ignorant distrust, and blind, often misplaced, confidence. Besides, who is there who would not wish to understand the meaning of the common physical facts that take place under his eye? Who would not wish to know why a pump raises water, why a lever moves heavy weights, why it is hot at the tropics and cold at the poles, why the moon is sometimes dark and sometimes bright, what is the cause of the tides? Do we not feel that he who is totally ignorant of these things, let him be ever so skilled in a special profession, is not an educated man but an ignoramus? It is surely no small part of education to put us in intelligent possession of the most important and most universally interesting facts of the universe, so that the world which surrounds us may not be a sealed book to us, uninteresting because unintelligible. This, however, is but the simplest and most obvious part of the utility of science, and the part which, if neglected in youth, may be the most easily made up for afterwards. It is more important to understand the value of scientific

instruction as a training and disciplining process, to fit the intellect for the proper work of a human being. Facts are the materials of our knowledge, but the mind itself is the instrument: and it is easier to acquire facts, than to judge what they prove, and how, through the facts which we know, to get to those which we want to know.

The most incessant occupation of the human intellect throughout life is the ascertainment of truth. We are always needing to know what is actually true about something or other. It is not given to us all to discover great general truths that are a light to all men and to future generations; though with a better general education the number of those who could do so would be far greater than it is. But we all require the ability to judge between the conflicting opinions which are offered to us as vital truths; to choose what doctrines we will receive in the matter of religion, for example; to judge whether we ought to be Tories, Whigs, or Radicals, or to what length it is our duty to go with each; to form a rational conviction on great questions of legislation and internal policy, and on the manner in which our country should behave to dependencies and to foreign nations. And the need we have of knowing how to discriminate truth, is not confined to the larger truths. All through life it is our most pressing interest to find out the truth about all the matters we are concerned with. If we are farmers we want to find what will truly improve our soil; if merchants, what will truly influence the markets of our commodities; if judges, or jurymen, or advocates, who it was that truly did an unlawful act, or to whom a disputed right truly belongs. Every time we have to make a new resolution or alter an old one, in any situation in life, we shall go wrong unless we know the truth about the facts on which our resolution depends. Now, however different these searches for truth may look, and however unlike they really are: in their subject-matter, the methods of getting at truth, and the tests of truth, are in all cases much the same. There are but two roads by which truth can be discovered; observation, and reason-

ing: observation, of course, including experiment. We all observe, and we all reason, and therefore more or less successfully, we all ascertain truths: but most of us do it very ill, and could not get on at all were we not able to fall back on others who do it better. If we could not do it in any degree, we should be mere instruments in the hands of those who could: they would be able to reduce us to slavery. Then how shall we best learn to do this? By being shewn the way in which it has already been successfully done. The processes by which truth is attained, reasoning, and observation, have been carried to their greatest known perfection in the physical sciences. As classical literature furnishes the most perfect types of the art of expression, so do the physical sciences those of the art of thinking. Mathematics, and its application to astronomy and natural philosophy, are the most complete example of the discovery of truths by reasoning; experimental science, of their discovery by direct observation. In all these cases we know that we can trust the operation, because the conclusions to which it has led have been found true by subsequent trial. It is by the study of these, then, that we may hope to qualify ourselves for distinguishing truth, in cases where there do not exist the same ready means of verification.

In what consists the principal and most characteristic difference between one human intellect and another? In their ability to judge correctly of evidence. Our direct perceptions of truth are so limited; we know so few things by immediate intuition, or, as it used to be called, by simple apprehension—that we depend for almost all our valuable knowledge, on evidence external to itself; and most of us are very unsafe hands at estimating evidence, where an appeal cannot be made to actual eyesight. The intellectual part of our education has nothing more important to do, than to correct or mitigate this almost universal infirmity—this summary and substance of nearly all purely intellectual weakness. To do this with effect needs all the resources which the most perfect system of intellectual training can command. Those resources, as every teacher knows, are but of



three, kinds : first, models, secondly, rules, thirdly, appropriate practice. The models of the art of estimating evidence are furnished by science; the rules are suggested by science; and the study of science is the most fundamental portion of the practice.

Take in the first instance mathematics. It is chiefly from mathematics we realize the fact that there actually is a road to truth by means of reasoning; that anything real, and which will be found true when tried, can be arrived at by a mere operation of the mind. The flagrant abuse of mere reasoning in the days of the schoolmen, when men argued confidently to supposed facts of outward nature without properly establishing their premises, or checking the conclusions by observation, created a prejudice in the modern, and especially in the English mind, against deductive reasoning altogether, as a mode of investigation. The prejudice lasted long and was upheld by the misunderstood authority of Lord Bacon; until the prodigious applications of mathematics to physical science—to the discovery of the laws of external nature—slowly and tardily restored the reasoning process to the place which belongs to it as a source of real knowledge. Mathematics, pure and applied, are still the great conclusive example of what can be done by reasoning. Mathematics also habituates us to several of the principal precautions for the safety of the process. Our first studies in geometry teach us two invaluable lessons. One is, to lay down at the beginning, in express and clear terms, all the premises from which we intend to reason. The other is, to keep every step in the reasoning distinct and separate from all the other steps, and to make each step safe before proceeding to another; expressly stating to ourselves, at every joint in the reasoning, what new premise we there introduce. It is not necessary that we should do this at all times, in all our reasonings. But we must be always able and ready to do it. If the validity of our argument is denied, or if we doubt it ourselves, that is the way to check it. In this way we are often enabled to detect at once the exact place where paralogism or confusion get, in : and after sufficient practice we may be able

to keep them out from the beginning. It is to mathematics, again, that we owe our first notion of a connected body of truth; truths which grow out of one another, and hang together so that each implies all the rest; that no one of them can be questioned without contradicting another or others, until in the end it appears that no part of the system can be false unless the whole is so. Pure mathematics first gave us this conception; applied mathematics extends to it the realm of physical nature. Applied mathematics shews us that not only the truths of abstract number and extension, but the external facts of the universe, which we apprehend by our senses, form, at least in a large part of all nature, a web similarly held together. We are able, by reasoning from a few fundamental truths, to explain and predict the phenomena of material objects : and what is still more remarkable, the fundamental truths were themselves found out by reasoning; for they are not such as are obvious to the senses, but had to be inferred by a mathematical process from a mass of minute details, which alone came within the direct reach of human observation. When Newton, in this manner, discovered the laws of the solar system, he created, for all posterity, the true idea of science. He gave the most perfect example we are ever likely to have, of that union of reasoning and observation, which by means of facts that can be directly observed, ascends to laws which govern multitudes of other facts—laws which not only explain and account for what we see, but give us assurance beforehand of much that we do not see, much that we never could have found out by observation, though, having been found out, it is always verified by the result.

While mathematics, and the mathematical sciences, supply us with a typical example of the ascertainment of truth by reasoning; those physical sciences which are not mathematical, such as chemistry, and purely experimental physics, shew us in equal perfection the other mode of arriving at certain truth, by observation, in its most accurate form, that of experiment. The value of mathematics in a logical point of view is an old topic with mathematicians, and has



even been insisted on so exclusively as to provoke a counter-exaggeration, of which a well-known essay by Sir William Hamilton is an example: but the logical value of experimental science is comparatively a new subject, yet there is no intellectual discipline more important than that which the experimental sciences afford. Their whole occupation consists in doing well, what all of us, during the whole of life, are engaged in doing, for the most part badly. All men do not affect to be reasoners, but all profess, and really attempt, to draw inferences from experience: yet hardly any one, who has not been a student of the physical sciences, sets out with any just idea of what the process of interpreting experience really is. If a fact has occurred once or oftener, and another fact has followed it, people think they have got an experiment, and are well on the road towards shewing that the one fact is the cause of the other. If they did but know the immense amount of precaution necessary to a scientific experiment; with what sedulous care the accompanying circumstances are contrived and varied, so as to exclude every agency but that which is the subject of the experiment — or, when disturbing agencies cannot be excluded, the minute accuracy with which their influence is calculated and allowed for, in order that the residue may contain nothing but what is due to the one agency under examination; if these things were attended to, people would be much less easily satisfied that their opinions have the evidence of experience; many popular notions and generalizations which are in all mouths, would be thought a great deal less certain than they are supposed to be; but we should begin to lay the foundation of really experimental knowledge, on things which are now the subjects of mere vague discussion, where one side finds as much to say and says it as confidently as another, and each person's opinion is less determined by evidence than by his accidental interest or prepossession. In politics, for instance, it is evident to whoever comes to the study from that of the experimental sciences, that no political conclusions of any value for practice can be arrived at by direct experience. Such specific experience as we can have, serves only

to verify, and even that insufficiently, the conclusions of reasoning. Take any active force you please in politics, take the liberties of England, or free trade; how should we know that either of these things conduced to prosperity, if we could discern no tendency in the things themselves to produce it? If we had only the evidence of what is called our experience, such prosperity as we enjoy might be owing to a hundred other causes, and might have been obstructed, not promoted, by these. All true political science is, in one sense of the phrase, *à priori*, being deduced from the tendencies of things, tendencies known either through our general experience of human nature, or as the result of an analysis of the course of history, considered as a progressive evolution. It requires, therefore, the union of induction and deduction, and the mind that is equal to it must have been well disciplined in both. But familiarity with scientific experiment at least does the useful service of inspiring a wholesome scepticism about the conclusions which the mere surface of experience suggests.

The study, on the one hand, of mathematics and its applications, on the other, of experimental science, prepares us for the principal business of the intellect, by the practice of it in the most characteristic cases, and by familiarity with the most perfect and successful models of it. But in great things as in small, examples and models are not sufficient: we want rules as well. Familiarity with the correct use of a language in conversation and writing does not make rules of grammar unnecessary; nor does the amplest knowledge of sciences of reasoning and experiment dispense with rules of logic. We may have heard correct reasonings and seen skillful experiments all our lives — we shall not learn by mere imitation to do the like, unless we pay careful attention to how it is done. It is much easier in these abstract matters, than in purely mechanical ones, to mistake bad work for good. To mark out the difference between them is the province of logic. Logic lays down the general principles and laws of the search after truth; the conditions which, whether recognized or not, must actually have been observed if the mind has done

its work rightly. Logic is the intellectual complement of mathematics and physics. Those sciences give the practice, of which logic is the theory. It declares the principles, rules, and precepts, of which they exemplify the observance.

The science of Logic has two parts; ratiocinative and inductive logic. The one helps to keep us right in reasoning from premises, the other in concluding from observation. Ratiocinative logic is much older than inductive, because reasoning in the narrower sense of the word is an easier process than induction, and the science which works by mere reasoning, pure mathematics, had been carried to a considerable height while the sciences of observation were still in the purely empirical period. The principles of ratiocination, therefore were the earliest understood and systematized, and the logic of ratiocination is even now suitable to an earlier stage in education than that of induction. The principles of induction cannot be properly understood without some previous study of the inductive sciences: but the logic of reasoning, which was already carried to a high degree of perfection by Aristotle, does not absolutely require even a knowledge of mathematics, but can be sufficiently exemplified and illustrated from the practice of daily life.

Of Logic I venture to say, even if limited to that of mere ratiocination, the theory of names, propositions, and the syllogism, that there is no part of intellectual education which is of greater value, or whose place can so ill be supplied by anything else. Its uses, it is true, are chiefly negative; its function is, not so much to teach us to go right, as to keep us from going wrong. But in the operations of the intellect it is so much easier to go wrong than right; it is so utterly impossible for even the most vigorous mind to keep itself in the path but by maintaining a vigilant watch against all deviations, and noting all the byways by which it is possible to go astray — that the chief difference between one reasoner and another consists in their less or greater liability to be misled. Logic points out all the possible ways in which, starting from true premises, we may draw false conclu-

sions. By its analysis of the reasoning process, and the forms it supplies for stating and setting forth our reasonings, it enables us to guard the points at which a fallacy is in danger of slipping in, or to lay our fingers upon the place where it has slipped in. When I consider how very simple the theory of reasoning is, and how short a time is sufficient for acquiring a thorough knowledge of its principles and rules, and even considerable expertness in applying them, I can find no excuse for omission to study it on the part of any one who aspires to succeed in any intellectual pursuit. Logic is the great disperser of hazy and confused thinking; it clears up the fogs which hide from us our own ignorance, and make us believe that we understand a subject when we do not. We must not be led away by talk about inarticulate giants who do great deeds without knowing how, and see into the most recondite truths without any of the ordinary helps, and without being able to explain to other people how they reach their conclusions, nor consequently to convince any other people of the truth of them. There may be such men, as there are deaf and dumb persons who do clever things, but for all that, speech and hearing are faculties by no means to be dispensed with. If you want to know whether you are thinking rightly, put your thoughts into words. In the very attempt to do this you will find yourselves, consciously or unconsciously, using logical forms. Logic compels us to throw our meaning into distinct propositions and our reasonings into distinct steps. It makes us conscious of all the implied assumptions on which we are proceeding; and which, if not true, vitiate the entire process. It makes us aware what extent of doctrine we commit ourselves to by any course of reasoning, and obliges us to look the implied premises in the face, and make up our minds whether we can stand to them. It makes our opinions consistent with themselves and with one another, and forces us to think clearly, even when it cannot make us think correctly. It is true that error may be consistent and systematic as well as truth; but this is not the common case. It is no small advantage to see clearly the principles and consequences involved in our opinions, and

which we must either accept, or else abandon those opinions. We are much nearer to finding truth when we search for it in broad daylight. Error, pursued rigorously to all that is implied in it, seldom fails to get detected by coming into collision with some known and admitted fact.

You will find abundance of people to tell you that logic is no help to thought, and that people cannot be taught to think by rules. Undoubtedly rules by themselves, without practice, go but a little way in teaching anything. But if the practice of thinking is not improved by rules, I venture to say it is the only difficult thing done by human beings that is not so. A man learns to saw wood principally by practice, but there are rules for doing it, grounded on the nature of the operation, and if he is not taught the rules, he will not saw well until he has discovered them for himself. Whenever there is a right way and a wrong, there must be a difference between them, and it must be possible to find out what the difference is; and when found out and expressed in words, it is a rule for the operation. If any one is inclined to disparage rules, I say to him, try to learn anything which there are rules for, without knowing the rules, and see how you succeed. To those who think lightly of the school logic, I say, take the trouble to learn it. You will easily do so in a few weeks, and you will see whether it is of no use to you in making your mind clear, and keeping you from stumbling in the dark over the most outrageous fallacies. Nobody, I believe, who has really learnt it, and who goes on using his mind, is insensible to its benefits, unless he started with a prejudice, or, like some eminent English and Scottish thinkers of the past century, is under the influence of a reaction against the exaggerated pretensions made by the schoolmen, not so much in behalf of logic as of the reasoning process itself. Still more highly must the use of logic be estimated, if we include in it, as we ought to do, the principles and rules of Induction as well as of Ratiocination. As the one logic guards us against bad deduction, so does the other against bad generalization, which is a still more universal error. If men easily err in arguing from one general proposition

to another, still more easily do they go wrong in interpreting the observations made by themselves and others. There is nothing in which an untrained mind shows itself more hopelessly incapable, than in drawing the proper general conclusions from its own experience. And even trained minds, when all their training is on a special subject, and does not extend to the general principles of induction, are only kept right, when there are ready opportunities of verifying their inferences by facts. Able scientific men, when they venture upon subjects in which they have no facts to check them, are often found drawing conclusions or making generalizations from their experimental knowledge, such as any sound theory of induction would shew to be utterly unwarranted. So true is it that practice alone, even of a good kind, is not sufficient without principles and rules. Lord Bacon had the great merit of seeing that rules were necessary, and conceiving, to a very considerable extent, their true character. The defects of his conceptions were such as were inevitable while the inductive sciences were only in the earliest stage of their progress, and the highest efforts of the human mind in that direction had not yet been made. Inadequate as the Baconian view of induction was, and rapidly as the practice outgrew it, it is only within a generation or two that any considerable improvement has been made in the theory; very much through the impulse given by two of the many distinguished men who have adorned the Scottish universities, Dugald Stewart and Brown.

I have given a very incomplete and summary view of the educational benefits derived from instruction in the more perfect sciences, and in the rules for the proper use of the intellectual faculties which the practice of those sciences has suggested. There are other sciences, which are in a more backward state, and tax the whole powers of the mind in its mature years, yet a beginning of which may be beneficially made in university studies, while a tincture of them is valuable even to those who are never likely to proceed further. The first is physiology; the science of the laws of organic and animal life, and especially of the structure and

functions of the human body. It would be absurd to pretend that a profound knowledge of this difficult subject can be acquired in youth, or as a part of general education. Yet an acquaintance with its leading truths is one of those acquirements which ought not to be the exclusive property of a particular profession. The value of such knowledge for daily uses has been made familiar to us all by the sanitary discussions of late years. There is hardly one among us who may not, in some position of authority, be required to form an opinion and take part in public action on sanitary subjects. And the importance of understanding the true conditions of health and disease — of knowing how to acquire and preserve that healthy habit of body which the most tedious and costly medical treatment so often fails to restore when once lost, should secure a place in general education for the principal maxims of hygiene, and some of those even of practical medicine. For those who aim at high intellectual cultivation, the study of physiology has still greater recommendations, and is, in the present state of advancement of the higher studies, a real necessity. The practice which it gives in the study of nature is such as no other physical science affords in the same kind, and is the best introduction to the difficult questions of politics and social life. Scientific education, apart from professional objects, is but a preparation for judging rightly of Man, and of his requirements and interests. But to this final pursuit, which has been called *par excellence* the proper study of mankind, physiology is the most serviceable of the sciences, because it is the nearest. Its subject is already Man; the same complex and manifold being, whose properties are not independent of circumstance, and immovable from age to age, like those of the ellipse and hyperbola, or of sulphur and phosphorus, but are infinitely various, indefinitely modifiable by art or accident, graduating by the nicest shades into one another, and reacting upon one another in a thousand ways, so that they are seldom capable of being isolated and observed separately. With the difficulties of the study of a being so constituted, the physiologist, and he alone among scientific enquirers, is already familiar. Take what

view we will of man as a spiritual being, one part of his nature is far more like another than either of them is like anything else. In the organic world we study nature under disadvantages very similar to those which affect the study of moral and political phenomena: our means of making experiments are almost as limited, while the extreme complexity of the facts makes the conclusions of general reasoning unusually precarious, on account of the vast number of circumstances that conspire to determine every result. Yet in spite of these obstacles, it is found possible in physiology to arrive at a considerable number of well-ascertained and important truths. This therefore is an excellent school in which to study the means of overcoming similar difficulties elsewhere. It is in physiology too that we are first introduced to some of the conceptions which play the greatest part in the moral and social sciences, but which do not occur at all in those of inorganic nature. As, for instance, the idea of predisposition, and of predisposing causes, as distinguished from exciting causes. The operation of all moral forces is immensely influenced by predisposition: without that element, it is impossible to explain the commonest facts of history and social life. Physiology is also the first science in which we recognise the influence of habit — the tendency of something to happen again merely because it has happened before. From physiology, too, we get our clearest notion of what is meant by development or evolution. The growth of a plant or animal from the first germ is the typical specimen of a phenomenon which rules through the whole course of the history of man and society — increase of function, through expansion and differentiation of structure by internal forces. I can not enter into the subject at greater length; it is enough if I throw out hints which may be germs of further thought in yourselves. Those who aim at high intellectual achievements may be assured that no part of their time will be less wasted, than that which they employ in becoming familiar with the methods and with the main conceptions of the science of organization and life.

Physiology, at its upper extremity, touches on Psychology, or the Philosophy of mind:

and without raising any disputed questions about the limits between Matter and Spirit, the nerves and brain are admitted to have so intimate a connexion with the mental operations, that the student of the last cannot dispense with a considerable knowledge of the first. The value of psychology itself need hardly be expatiated upon in a Scottish university; for it has always been there studied with brilliant success. Almost everything which has been contributed from these islands towards its advancement since Locke and Berkeley, has until very lately, and much of it even in the present generation, proceeded from Scottish authors and Scottish professors. Psychology, in truth, is simply the knowledge of the laws of human nature. If there is anything that deserves to be studied by man, it is his own nature and that of his fellow-men: and if it is worth studying at all, it is worth studying scientifically, so as to reach the fundamental laws which underlie and govern all the rest. With regard to the suitability of this subject for general education, a distinction must be made. There are certain observed laws of our thoughts and of our feelings which rest upon experimental evidence, and, once seized, are a clue to the interpretation of much that we are conscious of in ourselves, and observe in one another. Such, for example, are the laws of association. Psychology, so far as it consists of such laws—I speak of the laws themselves, not of their disputed applications—is as positive and certain a science as chemistry, and fit to be taught as such. When, however, we pass beyond the bounds of these admitted truths, to questions which are still in controversy among the different philosophical schools—how far the higher operations of the mind can be explained by association, how far we must admit other primary principles—what faculties of the mind are simple, what complex, and what is the composition of the latter—above all, when we embark upon the sea of metaphysics properly so called, and enquire, for instance, whether time and space are real existences, as is our spontaneous impression, or forms of our sensitive faculty, as is maintained by Kant, or complex ideas generated by association; whether matter and spirit are con-

ceptions merely relative to our faculties, or facts existing *per se*, and in the latter case, what is the nature and limit of our knowledge of them; whether the will of man is free or determined by causes, and what is the real difference between the two doctrines; matters on which the most thinking men, and those who have given most study to the subjects, are still divided; it is neither to be expected nor desired that those who do not specially devote themselves to the higher departments of speculation should employ much of their time in attempting to get to the bottom of these questions. But it is a part of liberal education to know that such controversies exist, and, in a general way, what has been said on both sides of them. It is instructive to know the failures of the human intellect as well as its successes, its imperfect as well as its perfect attainments; to be aware of the open questions, as well as of those which have been definitively resolved. A very summary view of these disputed matters may suffice for the many; but a system of education is not intended solely for the many: it has to kindle the aspirations and aid the efforts of those who are destined to stand forth as thinkers above the multitude: and for these there is hardly to be found any discipline comparable to that which these metaphysical controversies afford. For they are essentially questions about the estimation of evidence; about the ultimate grounds of belief; the conditions required to justify our most familiar and intimate convictions; and the real meaning and import of words and phrases which we have used from infancy as if we understood all about them, which are even at the foundation of human language, yet of which no one except a metaphysician has rendered to himself a complete account. Whatever philosophical opinions the study of these questions may lead us to adopt, no one ever came out of the discussion of them without increased vigor of understanding, an increased demand for precision of thought and language, and a more careful and exact appreciation of the nature of proof. There never was any sharpener of the intellectual faculties superior to the Berkeleyian controversy. There is even



now no reading more profitable to students — confining myself to writers in our own language, and notwithstanding that so many of their speculations are already obsolete — than Hobbes and Locke, Reid and Stewart, Hume, Hartley, and Brown: on condition that these great thinkers are not read passively, as masters to be followed, but actively, as supplying materials and incentives to thought. To come to our own coteremporaries, he who has mastered Sir William Hamilton and your own lamented Ferrier as distinguished representatives of one of the two great schools of philosophy, and an eminent professor in a neighbouring University, Professor Bane, probably the greatest living authority in the other, has gained a practice in the most searching methods of philosophic investigation applied to the most arduous subjects, which is no inadequate preparation for any intellectual difficulties that he is ever likely to be called on to resolve.

In this brief outline of a complete scientific education, I have said nothing about direct instruction in that which it is the chief of all the ends of intellectual education to qualify us for — the exercise of thought on the great interests of mankind as moral and social beings — ethics and politics, in the largest sense. These things are not, in the existing state of human knowledge, the subject of a science, generally admitted and accepted. Politics cannot be learnt once for all, from a textbook, or the instructions of a master. What we require to be taught on that subject, is to be our own teachers. It is a subject on which we have no masters to follow; each must explore for himself, and exercise an independent judgment. Scientific politics do not consist in having a set of conclusions ready made, to be applied everywhere indiscriminately, but in setting the mind to work in a scientific spirit to discover in each instance the truths applicable to the given case. And this, at present, scarcely any two persons do in the same way. Education is not entitled, on this subject, to recommend any set of opinions as resting on the authority of established science. But it can supply the student with materials for his own mind, and

helps to use them. It can make him acquainted with the best speculations on the subject, taken from different points of view: none of which will be found complete, while each embodies some considerations really relevant, really requiring to be taken into the account. Education may also introduce us to the principal facts which have a direct bearing on the subject, namely the different modes or stages of civilization that have been found among mankind, and the characteristic properties of each. This is the true purpose of historical studies, as prosecuted in an University. The leading facts of ancient and modern history should be known by the student from his private reading: if that knowledge be wanting, it cannot possibly be supplied here. What a Professor of History has to teach, is the meaning of those facts. His office is to help the student in collecting from history what are the main differences between human beings, and between the institutions of society, at one time or place and at another: in picturing to himself human life and the human conception of life, as they were at the different stages of human development: in distinguishing between what is the same in all ages and what is progressive, and forming some incipient conception of the causes and laws of progress. All these things are as yet very imperfectly understood even by the most philosophic enquirers, and are quite unfit to be taught dogmatically. The object is to lead the student to attend to them; to make him take interest in history not as mere narrative, but as a chain of causes and effects still unwinding itself before his eyes, and full of momentous consequences to himself and his descendants; the unfolding of a great epic or dramatic action, to terminate in the happiness or misery, the elevation or degradation, of the human race; an unremitting conflict between good and evil powers, of which every act done by any of us, insignificant as we are, forms one of the incidents; a conflict in which even the smallest of us cannot escape from taking part, in which whoever does not help the right side is helping the wrong, and for our share in which, whether it be greater or smaller, and let its actual consequences



be visible or in the main invisible, no one of us can escape the responsibility. Though education cannot arm and equip its pupils for this fight with any complete philosophy either of politics or of history, there is much positive instruction that it can give them, having a direct bearing on the duties of citizenship. They should be taught the outlines of the civil and political institutions of their own country, and in a more general way, of the more advanced of the other civilized nations. Those branches of politics, or of the laws of social life, in which there exists a collection of facts or thoughts sufficiently sifted and methodized to form the beginning of a science, should be taught *ex professo*. Among the chief of these is Political Economy; the sources and conditions of wealth and material prosperity for aggregate bodies of human beings. This study approaches nearer to the rank of a science, in the sense in which we apply that name to the physical sciences, than anything else connected with politics yet does. I need not enlarge on the important lessons which it affords for the guidance of life, and for the estimation of laws and institutions, or on the necessity of knowing all that it can teach in order to have true views of the course of human affairs, or form plans for their improvement which will stand actual trial. The same persons who cry down Logic will generally warn you against Political Economy. It is unfeeling, they will tell you. It recognizes unpleasant facts. For my part, the most unfeeling thing I know of is the law of gravitation: it breaks the neck of the best and most amiable person without scruple, if he forgets for a single moment to give heed to it. The winds and waves too are very unfeeling. Would you advise those who go to sea to deny the winds and waves — or to make use of them, and find the means of guarding against their dangers? My advice to you is to study the great writers on Political Economy, and hold firmly by whatever in them you find true; and depend upon it that if you are not selfish or hard-hearted already, Political Economy will not make you so. Of no less importance than Political Economy is the study of what is called Jurispru-

dence; the general principles of law; the social necessities which laws are required to meet; the features common to all systems of law, and the differences between them; the requisites of good legislation, the proper mode of constructing a legal system, and the best constitution of courts of justice and modes of legal procedure. These things are not only the chief part of the business of government, but the vital concern of every citizen; and their improvement affords a wide scope for the energies of any duly prepared mind, ambitious of contributing towards the better condition of the human race. For this, too, admirable helps have been provided by writers of our own or of a very recent time. At the head of them stands Bentham; undoubtedly the greatest master who ever devoted the labour of a life to let in light on the subject of law; and who is the more intelligible to non-professional persons, because, as his way is, he builds up the subject from its foundation in the facts of human life, and shows by careful consideration of ends and means, what law might and ought to be, in deplorable contrast with what it is. Other enlightened jurists have followed with contributions of two kinds, as the type of which I may take two works, equally admirable in their respective times. Mr. Austin, in his *Lectures on Jurisprudence*, takes for his basis the Roman law, the most elaborately consistent legal system which history has shown us in actual operation, and that which the greatest number of accomplished minds have employed themselves in harmonizing. From this he singles out the principles and distinctions which are of general applicability, and employs the powers and resources of a most precise and analytic mind to give to those principles and distinctions a philosophic basis, grounded in the universal reason of mankind, and not in mere technical convenience. Mr. Maine, in his treatise on *Ancient Law* in its relations to Modern Thought, shows from the history of law, and from what is known of the primitive institutions of mankind, the origin of much that has lasted till now, and has a firm footing both in the laws and in the ideas of modern times; shewing that many of these

things never originated in reason, but are relics of the institutions of barbarous society, modified more or less by civilization, but kept standing by the persistency of ideas which were the offspring of those barbarous institutions, and have survived their parent. The path opened by Mr. Maine has been followed up by others, with additional illustrations of the influence of obsolete ideas on modern institutions, and of obsolete institutions on modern ideas; an action and reaction which perpetuate, in many of the greatest concerns, a mitigated barbarism: things being continually accepted as dictates of nature and necessities of life, which, if we knew all, we should see to have originated in artificial arrangements of society, long since abandoned and condemned.

To these studies I would add International Law; which I decidedly think should be taught in all universities, and should form part of all liberal education. The need of it is far from being limited to diplomatists and lawyers; it extends to every citizen. What is called the Law of Nations is not properly law, but a part of ethics: a set of moral rules, accepted as authoritative by civilized states. It is true that these rules neither are nor ought to be of eternal obligation, but do and must vary more or less from age to age, as the consciences of nations become more enlightened and the exigencies of political society undergo change. But the rules mostly were at their origin, and still are, an application of the maxims of honesty and humanity to the intercourse of states. They were introduced by the moral sentiments of mankind, or by their sense of the general interest, to mitigate the crimes and sufferings of a state of war, and to restrain governments and nations from unjust or dishonest conduct towards one another in time of peace. Since every country stands in numerous and various relations with the other countries of the world, and many, our own among the number, exercise actual authority over some of these, a knowledge of the established rules of international morality is essential to the duty of every nation, and therefore of every person in it who helps to make up the nation, and whose voice and feeling form a

part of what is called public opinion. Let not any one pacify his conscience by the delusion that he can do no harm if he takes no part, and forms no opinion. Bad men need nothing more to compass their ends, than that good men should look on and do nothing. He is not a good man who, without a protest, allows wrong to be committed in his name, and with the means which he helps to supply, because he will not trouble himself to use his mind on the subject. It depends on the habit of attending to and looking into public transactions, and on the degree of information and solid judgment respecting them that exists in the community, whether the conduct of the nation as a nation, both within itself and towards others, shall be selfish, corrupt and tyrannical, or rational and enlightened, just and noble.

Of these more advanced studies, only a small commencement can be made at schools and universities; but even this is of the highest value, by awakening an interest in the subjects, by conquering the first difficulties, and inuring the mind to the kind of exertion which the studies require, by implanting a desire to make further progress, and directing the student to the best tracks and the best helps. So far as these branches of knowledge have been acquired, we have learnt, or been put into the way of learning, our duty, and our work in life. Knowing it, however, is but half the work of education; it still remains, that what we know, we shall be willing and determined to put in practice. Nevertheless, to know the truth is already a great way towards disposing us to act upon it. What we see clearly and apprehend keenly, we have a natural desire to act out. "To see the best, and yet the worst pursue," is a possible but not a common state of mind; those who follow the wrong have generally first taken care to be voluntarily ignorant of the right. They have silenced their conscience, but they are not knowingly disobeying it. If you take an average human mind while still young, before the objects it has chosen in life have given it a turn in any bad direction, you will generally find it desiring what is good, right, and for the benefit of all; and if that season is properly used to implant the knowl-

edge and give the training which shall render rectitude of judgment more habitual than sophistry, a serious barrier will have been erected against the inroads of selfishness and falsehood. Still, it is a very imperfect education which trains the intelligence only, but not the will. No one can dispense with an education directed expressly to the moral as well as the intellectual part of his being. Such education, so far as it is direct, is either moral or religious; and these may either be treated as distinct, or as different aspects of the same thing. The subject we are now considering is not education as a whole, but scholastic education, and we must keep in view the inevitable limitations of what schools and universities can do. It is beyond their power to educate morally or religiously. Moral and religious education consist in training the feelings and the daily habits; and these are, in the main, beyond the sphere and inaccessible to the control of public education. It is the home, the family, which gives us the moral or religious education we really receive; and this is completed, and modified, sometimes for the better, often for the worse, by society, and the opinions and feelings with which we are there surrounded. The moral or religious influence which an university can exercise, consists less in any express teaching, than in the pervading tone of the place. Whatever it teaches, it should teach as penetrated by a sense of duty; it should present all knowledge as chiefly a means to worthiness of life, given for the double purpose of making each of us practically useful to his fellow creatures, and of elevating the character of the species itself; exalting and dignifying our nature. There is nothing which spreads more contagiously from teacher to pupil than elevation of sentiment: often and often have students caught from the living influence of a professor, a contempt for mean and selfish objects, and a noble ambition to leave the world better than they found it, which they have carried with them throughout life. In these respects, teachers of every kind have natural and peculiar means of doing with effect, what every one who mixes with his fellow-beings, or addresses himself to them in any character, should feel bound to do to the extent of

his capacity and opportunities. What is special to an university on these subjects belongs chiefly, like the rest of its work, to the intellectual department. An university exists for the purpose of laying open to each succeeding generation, as far as the conditions of the case admit, the accumulated treasure of the thoughts of mankind. As an indispensable part of this, it has to make known to them what mankind at large, their own country, and the best and wisest individual men, have thought on the great subjects of morals and religion. There should be, and there is in most universities, professorial instruction in moral philosophy; but I could wish that this instruction were of a somewhat different type from what is ordinarily met with. I could wish that it were more expository, less polemical, and above all less dogmatic. The learner should be made acquainted with the principal systems of moral philosophy which have existed and been practically operative among mankind, and should hear what there is to be said for each: the Aristotelian, the Epicurean, the Stoic, the Judaic, the Christian in the various modes of its interpretation, which differ almost as much from one another as the teachings of those earlier schools. He should be made familiar with the different standards of right and wrong which have been taken as the basis of ethics; general utility, natural justice, natural rights, a moral sense, principles of practical reason, and the rest. Among all these, it is not so much the teacher's business to take a side, and fight stoutly for some one against the rest, as it is to direct them all towards the establishment and preservation of the rules of conduct most advantageous to mankind. There is not one of these systems which has not its good side; not one from which there is not something to be learnt by the votaries of the others; not one which is not suggested by a keen, though it may not always be a clear perception of some important truths, which are the prop of the system, and the neglect or undervaluing of which in other systems is their characteristic infirmity. A system which may be as a whole erroneous, is still valuable, until it has forced upon mankind a sufficient attention to the portion of truth which suggested

it. The ethical teacher does his part best, when he points out how each system may be strengthened even on its own basis, by taking into more complete account the truths which other systems have realized more fully and made more prominent. I do not mean that he should encourage an essentially sceptical eclecticism. While placing every system in the best aspect it admits of, and endeavouring to draw from all of them the most salutary consequences compatible with their nature, I would by no means debar him from enforcing by his best arguments his own preference for some one of the number. They cannot be all true; though those which are false as theories may contain particular truths, indispensable to the completeness of the true theory. But on this subject, even more than on any of those I have previously mentioned, it is not the teacher's business to impose his own judgment, but to inform and discipline that of his pupil.

And this same clue, if we keep hold of it, will guide us through the labyrinth of conflicting thought into which we enter when we touch the great question of the relation of education to religion. As I have already said, the only really effective religious education is the parental — that of home and childhood. All that social and public education has in its power to do, further than by a general pervading tone of reverence and duty, amounts to little more than the information which it can give; but this is extremely valuable. I shall not enter into the question which has been debated with so much vehemence in the last and present generation, whether religion ought to be taught in all universities and public schools, seeing that religion is the subject of all others on which men's opinions are most widely at variance. On neither side of this controversy do the disputants seem to me to have sufficiently freed their minds from the old notion of education, that it consists in the dogmatic inculcation from authority, of what the teacher deems true. Why should it be impossible, that information of the greatest value, on subjects connected with religion, should be brought before the student's mind; that he should be made acquainted with so important a part of the

national thought, and of the intellectual labours of past generations, as those relating to religion, without being taught dogmatically the doctrines of any church or sect? Christianity being a historical religion, the sort of religious instruction which seems to me most appropriate to an University is the study of ecclesiastical history. If teaching, even on matters of scientific certainty, should aim quite as much at showing how the results are arrived at, as at teaching the results themselves, far more, then, should this be the case on subjects where there is the widest diversity of opinion among men of equal ability, and who have taken equal pains to arrive at the truth. This diversity should of itself be a warning to a conscientious teacher that he has no right to impose his opinion authoritatively upon a youthful mind. His teaching should not be in the spirit of dogmatism, but in that of enquiry. The pupil should not be addressed as if his religion had been chosen for him, but as one who will have to choose it for himself. The various Churches, established and unestablished, are quite competent to the task which is peculiarly theirs, that of teaching each its own doctrines, as far as necessary, to its own rising generation. The proper business of an University is different: not to tell us from authority what we ought to believe, and make us accept the belief as a duty, but to give us information and training, and help us to form our own belief in a manner worthy of intelligent beings, who seek for truth at all hazards, and demand to know all the difficulties, in order that they may be better qualified to find, or recognize, the most satisfactory mode of resolving them. The vast importance of these questions — the great results as regards the conduct of our lives, which depend upon our choosing one belief or another — are the strongest reasons why we should not trust our judgment when it has been formed in ignorance of the evidence, and why we should not consent to be restricted to a one-sided teaching, which informs us of what a particular teacher or association of teachers receive as true doctrine and sound argument, but of nothing more.

I do not affirm that an University, if it

represses free thought and enquiry, must be altogether a failure, for the freest thinkers have often been trained in the most slavish seminaries of learning. The great Christian reformers were taught in Roman Catholic Universities; the sceptical philosophers of France were mostly educated by the Jesuits. The human mind is sometimes impelled all the more violently in one direction, by an over zealous and demonstrative attempt to drag it in the opposite. But this is not what Universities are appointed for—to drive men from them, even into good, by excess of evil. An University ought to be a place of free speculation. The more diligently it does its duty in all other respects, the more certain it is to be that. The old English Universities, in the present generation are doing better work than they have done within human memory in teaching the ordinary studies of their curriculum; and one of the consequences has been, that whereas they formerly seemed to exist mainly for the repression of independent thought, and the chaining up of the individual intellect and conscience, they are now the great foci of free and manly enquiry, to the higher and professional classes, south of the Tweed. The ruling minds of those ancient seminaries have at last remembered that to place themselves in hostility to the free use of the understanding, is to abdicate their own best privilege, that of guiding it. A modest deference, at least provisional, to the united authority of the specially instructed, is becoming in a youthful and imperfectly formed mind; but when there is no united authority—when the specially instructed are so divided and scattered that almost any opinion can boast of some high authority, and no opinion whatever can claim all; when, therefore, it can never be deemed extremely improbable that one who uses his mind freely may see reason to change his first opinion; then, whatever you do, keep, at all risks, your minds open: do not barter away your freedom of thought. Those of you who are destined for the clerical profession are, no doubt, so far held to a certain number of doctrines, that if they ceased to believe them they would not be justified in remaining in a position in which they would

be required to teach insincerely. But use your influence to make those doctrines as few as possible. It is not right that men should be bribed to hold out against conviction—to shut their ears against objections, or, if the objections penetrate, to continue professing full and unflinching belief when their confidence is already shaken. Neither is it right that if men honestly profess to have changed some of their religious opinion, their honesty should as a matter of course exclude them from taking a part for which they may be admirably qualified, in the spiritual instruction of the nation. The tendency of the age, on both sides of the ancient Border, is towards the relaxation of formularies, and a less rigid construction of articles. This very circumstance, by making the limits of orthodoxy less definite, and obliging every one to draw the line for himself, is an embarrassment to consciences. But I hold entirely with those clergymen who elect to remain in the national church, so long as they are able to accept its articles and confessions in any sense or with any interpretation consistent with common honesty, whether it be the generally received interpretation or not. If all were to desert the church who put a large and liberal construction on its terms of communion, or who would wish to see those terms widened, the national provision for religious teaching and worship would be left utterly to those who take the narrowest, the most literal, and purely textual view of the formularies; who, though by no means necessarily bigots, are under the great disadvantage of having the bigots for their allies, and who, however great their merits may be, and they are often very great, yet if the church is improvable, are not the most likely persons to improve it. Therefore, if it were not an impertinence in me to tender advice in such a matter, I should say, let all who conscientiously can, remain in the church. A church is far more easily improved from within than from without. Almost all the illustrious reformers of religion began by being clergymen: but they did not think that their profession as clergymen was inconsistent with being reformers. They mostly indeed ended their days outside the churches in which they were born; but it



was because the churches, in an evil hour for themselves, cast them out. They did not think it any business of theirs to withdraw. They thought they had a better right to remain in the fold, than those who had expelled them.

I have now said what I had to say on the two kinds of education which the system of schools and universities is intended to promote—intellectual education, and moral education: knowledge and the training of the knowing faculty, conscience and that of the moral faculty. These are the two main ingredients of human culture; but they do not exhaust the whole of it. There is a third division, which, if subordinate, and owing allegiance to the two others, is barely inferior to them, and not less needful to the completeness of the human being; I mean the æsthetic branch; the culture which comes through poetry and art, and may be described as the education of the feelings, and the cultivation of the beautiful. This department of things deserves to be regarded in a far more serious light than is the custom of these countries. It is only of late, and chiefly by a superficial imitation of foreigners, that we have begun to use the word Art by itself and to speak of Art as we speak of Science, or Government, or Religion: we used to talk of the Arts, and more specifically of the Fine Arts: and even by them were vulgarly meant only two forms of art, Painting and Sculpture, the two which as a people we cared least about—which were regarded even by the more cultivated among us as little more than branches of domestic ornamentation, a kind of elegant upholstery. The very words "Fine Arts" called up a notion of frivolity, of great pains expended on a rather trifling object—on something which differed from the cheaper and commoner arts of producing pretty things, mainly by being more difficult, and by giving fops an opportunity of pluming themselves on caring for it and on being able to talk about it. This estimate extended in no small degree, though not altogether, even to poetry; the queen of arts, but, in Great Britain, hardly included under the name. It cannot exactly be said that poetry was little thought of; we were proud of our Shakespeare and

Milton, and in one period at least of our history, that of Queen Anne, it was a high literary distinction to be a poet; but poetry was hardly looked upon in any serious light, or as having much value except as an amusement or excitement, the superiority of which over others principally consisted in being that of a more refined order of minds. Yet the celebrated saying of Fletcher of Saltoun, "Let who will make the laws of a people if I write their songs," might have taught us how great an instrument for acting on the human mind we were undervaluing. It would be difficult for anybody to imagine that "Rule Britannia," for example, or "Scots wha hae," had no permanent influence on the higher region of human character; some of Moore's songs have done more for Ireland than all Grattan's speeches: and songs are far from being the highest or most impressive form of poetry. On these subjects, the mode of thinking and feeling of other countries was not only not intelligible, but not credible, to an average Englishman. To find Art ranking on a complete equality, in theory at least, with Philosophy, Learning, and Science—as holding an equally important place among the agents of civilization and among the elements of the worth of humanity; to find even painting and sculpture treated as great social powers, and the art of a country as a feature in its character and condition, little inferior in importance to either its religion or its government; all this only did not amaze and puzzle Englishmen, because it was too strange for them to be able to realize it, or, in truth, to believe it possible: and the radical difference of feeling on this matter between the British people and those of France, Germany, and the Continent generally, is one among the causes of that extraordinary inability to understand one another, which exists between England and the rest of Europe while it does not exist to anything like the same degree between one nation of Continental Europe and another. It may be traced to the two influences which have chiefly shaped the British character since the days of the Stuarts: commercial money-getting business, and religious Puritanism. Business, demanding the whole of the facul-

ties, and whether pursued from duty or the love of gain, regarding as a loss of time whatever does not conduce directly to the end; Puritanism, which looking upon every feeling of human nature, except fear and reverence for God, as a snare, if not as partaking of sin, looked coldly, if not disapprovingly, on the cultivation of the sentiments. Different causes have produced different effects in the Continental nations; among whom it is even now observable that virtue and goodness are generally for the most part an affair of the sentiments, while with us they are almost exclusively an affair of duty. Accordingly, the kind of advantage which we have had over many other countries in point of morals—I am not sure that we are not losing it—has consisted in greater tenderness of conscience. In this we have had on the whole a real superiority, though one principally negative; for conscience is with most men a power chiefly in the way of restraint—a power which acts rather in staying our hands from any great wickedness, than by the direction it gives to the general course of our desires and sentiments. One of the commonest types of character among us is that of a man all whose ambition is self-regarding; who has no higher purpose in life than to enrich or raise in the world himself and his family; who never dreams of making the good of his fellow-creatures or of his country an habitual object, further than giving away, annually or from time to time, certain sums in charity; but who has a conscience sincerely alive to whatever is generally considered wrong, and would scruple to use any very illegitimate means for attaining his self-interested objects. While it will often happen in other countries that men whose feelings and whose active energies point strongly in an unselfish direction, who have the love of their country, of human improvement, of human freedom, even of virtue, in great strength, and of whose thoughts and activity a large share is devoted to disinterested objects, will yet, in the pursuit of these or of any other objects that they strongly desire, permit themselves to do wrong things which the other man, though intrinsically, and taking the whole of his character, farther removed from

what a human being ought to be, could not bring to himself to commit. It is of no use to debate which of these two states of mind is the best, or rather the least bad. It is quite possible to cultivate the conscience and the sentiments too. Nothing hinders us from so training a man that he will not, even for a disinterested purpose, violate the moral law, and also feeding and encouraging those high feelings, on which we mainly rely for lifting men above low and sordid objects, and giving them a higher conception of what constitutes success in life. If we wish men to practise virtue, it is worth while trying to make them love virtue, and feel it an object in itself, and not a tax paid for leave to pursue other objects. It is worth training them to feel, not only actual wrong or actual meanness, but the absence of noble aims and endeavours, as not merely blameable but also degrading: to have a feeling of the miserable smallness of mere self in the face of this great universe, of the collective mass of our fellow creatures, in the face of past history and of the indefinite future—the poorness and insignificance of human life if it is to be all spent in making things comfortable for ourselves and our kin, and raising ourselves and them a step or two on the social ladder. Thus feeling, we learn to respect ourselves only so far as we feel capable of nobler objects: and if unfortunately those by whom we are surrounded do not share our aspirations, perhaps disapprove the conduct to which we are promoted by them—to sustain ourselves by the ideal sympathy of the great characters in history, or even in fiction, and by the contemplation of an idealized posterity: shall I add, of ideal perfection embodied in a Divine Being? Now, of this elevated tone of mind the great source of inspiration is poetry, and all literature so far as it is poetical and artistic. We may imbibe exalted feelings from Plato, or Demosthenes, or Tacitus, but it is in so far as those great men are not solely philosophers or orators or historians, but poets and artists. Nor is it only loftiness, only the heroic feelings, that are bred by poetic cultivation. Its power is as great in calming the soul as in elevating it—in fostering the milder emotions, as the more exalted. It brings home

to us all those aspects of life which take hold of our nature on its unselfish side, and lead us to identify our joy and grief with the good or ill of the system of which we form a part; and all those solemn or pensive feelings, which, without having any direct application to conduct, incline us to take life seriously, and predispose us to the reception of anything which comes before us in the shape of duty. Who does not feel a better man after a course of Dante, or of Wordsworth, or, I will add, of Lucretius or the Georgics, or after brooding over Gray's Elegy, or Shelley's Hymn to Intellectual-Beauty? I have spoken of poetry, but all the other modes of art produce similar effects in their degree. The races and nations whose senses are naturally finer and their sensuous perceptions more exercised than ours, receive the same kind of impressions from painting and sculpture: and many of the more delicately organized among ourselves do the same. All the arts of expression tend to keep alive and in activity the feelings they express. Do you think that the great Italian painters would have filled the place they did in the European mind, would have been universally ranked among the greatest men of their time, if their productions had done nothing for it but to serve as the decoration of a public hall or a private *salon*? Their Nativities and Crucifixions, their glorious Madonnas and Saints, were to their susceptible Southern country-men the great school not only of devotional, but of all the elevated and all the imaginative feelings. We colder Northerners may approach to a conception of this function of art when we listen to an oratorio of Handel, or give ourselves up to the emotions excited by a Gothic cathedral. Even apart from any specific emotional expression, the mere contemplation of beauty of a high order produces in no small degree this elevating effect on the character. The power of natural scenery addresses itself to the same region of human nature which corresponds to Art. There are few capable of feeling the sublimer order of natural beauty, such as your own Highlands and other mountain regions afford, who are not, at least temporarily, raised by it above the littleness of humanity, and made to feel the

puerility of the petty objects which set men's interests at variance, contrasted with the nobler pleasures which all might share. To whatever avocations we may be called in life, let us never quash these susceptibilities within us, but carefully seek the opportunities of maintaining them in exercise. The more prosaic our ordinary duties, the more necessary it is to keep up the tone of our minds by frequent visits to that higher region of thought and feeling, in which every work seems dignified in proportion to the ends for which, and the spirit in which, it is done; where we learn, while eagerly seizing every opportunity of exercising higher faculties and performing higher duties, to regard all useful and honest work as a public function, which may be ennobled by the mode of performing it—which has not properly any other nobility than what that gives—and which, if ever so humble, is never mean but when it is meanly done, and when the motives from which it is done are mean motives. There is, besides, a natural affinity between goodness and the cultivation of the Beautiful, when it is real cultivation, and not a mere unguided instinct. He who has learnt what beauty is, if he be of a virtuous character, will desire to realize it in his own life—will keep before himself a type of perfect beauty in human character, to light his attempts at self-culture. There is a true meaning in the saying of Goethe, though liable to be misunderstood and perverted, that the Beautiful is greater than the Good; for it includes the Good, and adds something to it: it is the Good made perfect, and fitted with all the collateral perfections which make it a finished and completed thing. Now, this sense of perfection, which would make us demand from every creation of man the very utmost that it ought to give, and render us intolerant of the smallest fault in ourselves or in anything we do, is one of the results of Art cultivation. No other human productions come so near to perfection as works of pure Art. In all other things, we are, and may reasonably be, satisfied if the degree of excellence is as great as the object immediately in view seems to us to be worth: but in Art, the perfection is itself the object. If I were to

define Art, I should be inclined to call it, the endeavour after perfection in execution. If we meet with even a piece of mechanical work which bears the marks of being done in this spirit—which is done as if the workman loved it, and tried to make it as good as possible, though something less good would have answered the purpose for which it was ostensibly made—we say that he has worked like an artist. Art, when really cultivated, and not merely practised empirically, maintains, what it first gave the conception of, an ideal Beauty, to be eternally aimed at, though surpassing what can be actually attained; and by this idea it trains us never to be completely satisfied with imperfection in what we ourselves do and are: to idealize, as much as possible, every work we do, and most of all, our own characters and lives.

And now, having travelled with you over the whole range of the materials and training which an University supplies as a preparation for the higher uses of life, it is almost needless to add any exhortation to you to profit by the gift. Now is your opportunity for gaining a degree of insight into subjects larger and far more ennobling than the minutiae of a business or a profession, and for acquiring a facility of using your minds on all that concerns the higher interests of man, which you will carry with you into the occupations of active life, and which will prevent even the short intervals of time which that may leave you, from being altogether lost for noble purposes. Having once conquered the first difficulties, the only ones of which the irksomeness surpasses the interest; having turned the point beyond which what was once a task becomes a pleasure; in even the busiest after-life, the higher powers of your mind will make progress imperceptibly, by the spontaneous exercise of your thoughts, and by the lessons you will know how to learn from daily experience. So, at least, it will be if in your early studies you have fixed your eyes upon the ultimate end from which those studies take their chief value—that of making you more effective combatants in the great fight which never ceases to rage between Good and Evil, and more equal to coping with the ever new problems which the changing course of human nature and human society present to be resolved.

Aims like these commonly retain the footing which they have once established in the mind; and their presence in our thoughts keeps our higher faculties in exercise, and makes us consider the acquirements and powers which we store up at any time of our lives, as a mental capital, to be freely expended in helping forward any mode which presents itself of making mankind in any respect wiser or better, or placing any portion of human affairs on a more sensible and rational footing than its existing one. There is not one of us who may not qualify himself so to improve the average amount of opportunities, as to leave his fellow creatures some little the better for the use he has known how to make of his intellect. To make this little greater, let us strive to keep ourselves acquainted with the best thoughts that are brought forth by the original minds of the age; that we may know what movements stand most in need of our aid, and that, as far as depends on us, the good seed may not fall on a rock, and perish without reaching the soil in which it might have germinated and flourished. You are to be a part of the public who are to welcome, encourage, and help forward the future intellectual benefactors of humanity; and you are, if possible, to furnish your contingent to the number of those benefactors. Nor let any one be discouraged by what may seem, in moments of despondency, the lack of time and of opportunity. Those who know how to employ opportunities will often find that they can create them: and what we achieve depends less on the amount of time we possess, than on the use we make of our time. You and your like are the hope and resource of your country in the coming generation. All great things which that generation is destined to do, have to be done by some like you; several will assuredly be done by persons for whom society has done much less, to whom it has given far less preparation, than those whom I am now addressing. I do not attempt to instigate you by the prospect of direct rewards, either earthly or heavenly; the less we think about being rewarded in either way, the better for us. But there is one reward which will not fail you, and which may be called disinterested, because it is not a consequence, but is inherent in the very fact of deserving it; the deeper and more varied interest you will feel in life: which will give it tenfold its value, and a value which will last to the end. All merely personal objects grow less valuable as we advance in life: this not only endures but increases.

## THE DYING COTTAGER.

My reap-hook lies beside the wall,  
My flail hangs on the door,  
Though now the yellow corn is ripe  
I shall not want them more;  
But, Roger, when my hand is cold,  
As sure it soon will be,  
For thy old loving father's sake,  
Use them right lustily.

Thou hast been over-wild as yet,  
Sure now thou wilt grow staid:  
Give o'er thy foolish courting, lad,  
Of Nell, the miller's maid;  
And if thou needs must have a wife,  
Take Mary Honeywood,  
She's not so comely quite as Nell,  
But modester and good.

Ah! Roger; I shall soon be gone;  
Be as a father then  
To Jenny and to Luke, and Sam,  
But most of all to Ben.  
And do not make him toil too hard,  
Nor chide him when he's sad;  
His mother rear'd him tenderly,  
He's but a weakly lad.

The doctor has been here to-day,  
He need not come again,  
He's done for me what man could do,  
He's somewhat eased my pain.  
The parson came when he was gone,  
That was a comfort too;  
He told me I was like to die,  
And now I feel 'tis true.

Come, Jenny, dry thy foolish eyes,  
We all must die some day;  
I've heard thee from the Bible read  
We are but made of clay.  
Thou'st been a good and loving child,  
My blessing and my pride,  
And but for thee I sore had miss'd  
My poor wife, when she died.

If God had will'd it, I would fain  
Have stay'd with thee awhile  
To guard thee from too bold a gaze,  
And from the breath of guile;  
For thou art very fair, my child,  
Sweet as a rose, in truth,  
And now the hardest pang I have  
Is leaving thee in youth.

When the young Squire shall pass this way  
Don't stand beside the door;  
It bodes no good when such as he  
Smiles on a maiden poor.

But if a lad of thy degree,  
And of a sober life,  
Like Ralph, should woo thee honestly,  
Then, Jenny, be his wife.

If sometimes I have seem'd too stern  
When things have gone amiss,  
Forgive me children, 'twas in love  
I chided ye for this.  
If ye should think upon my ways,  
More right they'll seem to be  
When ye shall have your bread to win,  
And children at your knee.

I little thought with all my toil  
To leave ye shining pelf,  
But look within the leather pouch  
Our Jenny made herself;  
Some hard earn'd shillings there ye'll find  
I-laid by now and then,  
There's one apiece, and overmore  
A silver groat for Ben.

But there's a treasure of more worth  
Than silver, gold, or aught, —  
The Holy Bible, children, 'tis,  
Your blessed mother brought.  
She was a scholar, as ye mind,  
And spelled it night and morn;  
I will it with my dying breath  
To Roger, our first-born.

Give Luke and Sam my garden tools,  
They willing lads are both,  
There's little fear lest they should want  
Through idleness or sloth:  
Let Jenny's be the cuckoo-clock,  
She loves to hear it strike;  
Whatever else I leave behind  
I'd have ye share alike.

Now gather round me all of ye,  
I grow more faint and weak,  
And in a little while I scarce  
Shall have the breath to speak:  
The darkness settles on my sight,  
I cannot see ye clear,  
But I can feel your loving hands;  
God bless ye, children dear!

Ye'll lay me in the churchyard nigh,  
Your mother close beside,  
The same green sod will cover both, —  
Death does not long divide;  
We all shall meet again one day,  
And better off than here;  
Now round my bed kneel all of ye,  
God bless ye, children dear!

JULIA HAUGHTON.

— Good Words.



From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Josh Billings: His Book of Sayings.* London, 1866.
2. *Wit and Humour.* Poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes. London, 1866.
3. *The Potiphar Papers.* By George William Curtis. London, 1866.
4. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.* London, 1866.
5. *Poems.* By J. G. Saxe. London, 1866.
6. *Artemus Ward: His Book.* London, 1865.
7. *The Biglow Papers.* London, 1865.
8. *Letters of Major Downing, Major Downingville Militia, 2nd Brigade, to his old friend Mr. Dwight, &c.* New York, 1834.
9. *The Naseby Papers.* London, 1865.
10. *Phœnixiana.* London, 1865.
11. *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers.* London, 1865.
12. *The Conduct of Life.* By R. W. Emerson. London, 1860.
13. *The Professor at the Breakfast Table.* Boston, 1860.
14. *American Wit and Humour.* New York, 1859.
15. *Dred.* By Mrs. H. B. Stowe. London, 1856.
16. *Mosses from an Old Manse.* By N. Hawthorne. London, 1856.
17. *Putnam's Monthly Magazine.* Vol. I. New York, 1853.
18. *Literature and Life.* By E. P. Whipple. London, 1851.

THERE are persons so destitute of a sense of humour, that they cannot make merry, have no ear for a jest, no eye for the 'gayest, happiest attitude of things,' no heart to rejoice in it. And the puritanical spirit would fain have human nature reformed and re-stamped according to this dull and dismal pattern; would, in truth, make this life a preparatory process to fit us for a smileless eternity, and begin by trying to paralyse the risible muscle of the human face. But the greatest and the wisest men have not been of this type; they could laugh as well as weep, and they lived in fuller perfection of spiritual health. The deepest seers have frequently been the men who not only felt the seriousness of life, but who also saw the province of humour as a pleasant reconciler of opposites, and who bore their lot and wrought their work in a brave spirit. The most earnest, we do not mean the *grimest*, of men, have had the keenest sense of fun.

FOURTH SERIES. LIVING AGE. VOL. IV.

We will not propose to define the nature of humour, nor to discuss, metaphysically or philosophically, the difference betwixt wit and humour; but as we shall have to use the terms with some distinction of meaning, we may indicate by a few examples the sense in which we understand and use them. When Curran was asked by a brother lawyer, 'Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?' and he replied, 'Nothing but the head!' that was wit. And when Scott describes the inmates of Cleikum Inn, in 'St. Ronan's Well,' who thought they had seen the ghost of a murdered man, we get humour, the root of which lies far deeper in human nature. He says the two maidens took refuge in their bedroom, whilst the hump-backed postillion fled like wind into the stable, and with *professional instinct* began in his terror to saddle a horse. This was his most natural refuge from the supernatural; a touch of humour at which we smile gravely, if at all. When Hood describes a fool whose height of folly constitutes his own monument, he calls him

'a column of fop,  
A lighthouse without any light a-top.'

That is wit. But when Chaucer describes the fox as desirous of capturing the cock, and trying to flatter him into singing by telling him how his respected father used to sing, and put his heart so much into his song that he was obliged to shut his eyes, and by this means gets poor chanticleer to imitate his father and sing and shut his eyes also, whereupon the fox pounces on him and bears him off, — that is humour; a sort of *shut-eyed* humour quite irresistible. Again, we have wit when Jerrold defines dogmatism as 'puppyism come to maturity.' But we get at humour when Panurge, in his mortal fear of shipwreck, cries, 'Would to heaven that I was safe on dry land with (we presume, to make quite sure of his footing) *somebody kicking me!*'

The strokes of wit that are most delightfully surprising are often the most evanescent. A flash and all is over. You must be very much on the *qui vive* to see by its lightning, or you may find yourself in a similar predicament to that of the poor fly which turned about after his head was off, to find it out. Not so with humour. It does not cut you short. It is for 'keeping it up.' Wit gives you a nod in passing, but with humour you are at home. Wit is a later societary birth. Humour was from the beginning. There are persons who have a sense of humour to whom the

pranks of wit are an impertinence. The true account of Sidney Smith's joke respecting the necessity of *trepanning* a Scotsman is that the Scotch have the *pauciest* appreciation of humour, but do not so plentifully produce or care so much for mere wit.

In its lowest range humour can produce its effects with means most slight and simple. Indeed it is here as it is in art, we sometimes admire all the more, and are apt to overrate results, on account of the insignificance of the means employed. A good deal of what is called American humour has been produced in this lower mental range. It is not much beyond that which is uttered nightly by the gallery 'gods' of our theatres, or daily by some village humourist, who is noted locally for his ludicrous perceptions and unctuous sayings. Artemus Ward's 'How goes it old Sweetness, said I?' is precisely on a par with the humour of English canal boatmen. Like the Scotch, the Americans have more humour than wit. Their writers would not shine brilliantly in company with such men as Hood, Lamb, Sydney Smith, or Jerrold. But the humour is many-sided, quaint, and characteristic, ranging from the dryly demure to the uproariously extravagant.

The Yankee character is in itself an exceedingly humorous compound. 'A strange hybrid, indeed, did circumstances beget here in the new world upon the old Puritan stock, and the earth never before saw such mystic practicalism, such niggard geniality, such calculating fanaticism, such cast-iron enthusiasm, such sour-faced humour, such close-fisted generosity.' The Yankee will make a living out of anything, and anywhere. His ingenuity is just the most certain lever for removing difficulties and obstacles from his path. It has been remarked that if a Yankee were shipwrecked overnight on an unknown island, he would be going round the first thing in the morning trying to sell maps to the inhabitants. 'Put him,' says Lowell, 'on Juan Fernandez, and he would make a spelling-book first and a salt-pan afterwards.' A long, hard warfare with necessity has made him one of the handiest, shiftiest, thriftiest, of mortals. In trading, he is the very incarnation of the keenest shrewdness. He will be sure to do business under the most adverse circumstances, and secure a profit also. This propensity is portrayed in the story of Sam Jones: that worthy, we are told, called at the store of a Mr. Brown, with an egg in his hand, and wanted to 'dicker' it for a darning-needle. This done, he asks Mr.

Brown if he isn't 'going to treat?' 'What, on that trade?' 'Certainly; a trade is a trade, big or little.' 'Well, what will you have?' 'A glass of wine,' said Jones. The wine was poured out, and Jones remarked that he preferred his wine with an egg in it. The storekeeper handed to him the identical egg which he had just changed for the darning-needle. On breaking it, Jones discovered that the egg had *two* yolks. Says he, 'Look here,—you must give me another darning-needle!' Or to relate one other veracious history—

"'Reckon I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day, Square," said a genuine specimen of the Yankee pedlar, as he stood at the door of a merchant in St. Louis.

"'I reckon you calculate about right, for you *can't* nowadays."

"'Wall, I guess you needn't git huffy 'bout it. Now, here's a dozen ginooine razor-strops—wuth two dollars and a half: you may hev 'em for two dollars."

"'I tell you I don't want any of your traps, so you may as well be going along."

"'Wall, now, look here, Square. I'll bet you five dollars that if you make me an offer for them 'ere strops, we'll hev a trade yet."

"'Done," said the merchant, and he staked the money. "Now," says he, chaffingly, "I'll give you *sixpence* for the strops."

"'They're your'n!' said the Yankee, as he quietly pocketed the stakes! "But," continued he, after a little reflection, and with a burst of frankness, "I calculate a joke's a joke; and if you don't *want* them strops, I'll trade back." The merchant looked brighter. "You're not so bad a chap, after all," said he. "Here are your strops—give me the money." "There it is," said the Yankee, as he took the strops and handed back *the sixpence*. "A trade is a trade, and a bet is a bet. Next time you trade with that ere sixpence, don't you buy razor-strops."

The Yankee, however, unlike the Jew or the Greek, has a soft place in this hard business nature; there is a blind side to this wide-awake character; he may be 'bamboozled' through his better feelings. And, strangest thing of all, this acutest of creatures, is just the first to be taken in by words. We might have fancied that a people so full of shrewdest mother-wit, and so matter-of-fact, would easily see through pretence, and sham, and snuffe.

'Tis odd,' says Emerson, 'that our people should have, not water on the brain, but a little gas there. Can it be that the American forest has refreshed some weeds of old Pictish barbarism just ready to die out—the love of the scarlet feather, of beads and tinsel? The English have a plain taste.

Pretension is the foible especially of American youth.' But surely the boasting and buffoonery that is tolerated on American platforms, and in American papers, cannot all be seriously swallowed by the masses that pretend to believe in it. Surely it must be to a great extent another form taken by the national humour. Naturally enough, human nature likes to see itself look grand, and next to seeing this, we should suppose the greatest pleasure is hearing it. And the Americans 'must be cracked up,' and patriotically and institutionally tickled; so it looks as if speakers and listeners had tacitly leagued to keep the thing going, and that whilst the speaker or writer distributed 'buncombe' and balderdash, the listeners accepted it with the proper twinkle of the eye and the nod of understanding. What but a suppressed sense of humour in both speaker and auditors could possibly have carried off such a speech as that attributed to Webster:—

'Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you; and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. That is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days had *never* a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmiest days *NEVER* had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Men of Rochester, go on. No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet high!'

The kind of humour (such as it is) to which this belongs has been named by the Americans themselves as *high falutin*.

We are told that there was a paper in Cincinnati which was very much given to 'high falutin' on the subject of 'this great country,' until a rival paper somewhat modified its continual bounce with the following burlesque:—

'This is a glorious country! It has longer rivers and more of them, and they are muddier and deeper, and run faster, and rise higher, and make more noise, and fall lower, and do more damage than anybody else's rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger and deeper, and clearer, and wetter than those of any other country. Our rail-cars are bigger, and run faster, and pitch off the track oftener, and kill more people than all other rail-cars in this and every other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener and send up their passengers higher, and the captains swear harder than steamboat captains in any other country. Our men are

bigger, and longer, and thicker; can fight harder and faster, drink more mean whisky, chew more bad tobacco, and spit more, and spit further than in any other country. Our ladies are richer, prettier, dress finer, spend more money, break more hearts, wear bigger hoops, shorter dresses, and kick up the devil generally to a greater extent than all other ladies in all other countries. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too expansive for their pantaloons, and become twenty years old sooner by some months than any other children of any other country on the earth.'

This, however, which is meant to be a satire, can be equalled in expression and excelled in sentiment from the ordinary literature of America written with a seriousness not meant to be absurd.

An article, entitled 'Are we a Good-looking People?' appeared in 'Putman's Monthly Magazine,' March, 1853, the writer of which maintains that John Bull won't do; he 'must be done over again' on the Yankee model of humanity. 'Jonathan may be described as the finishing model of the Anglo-Saxon, of which John Bull is the rough cast.' He goes on to say that American ladies surpass all other women. American 'notabilities are better looking than most notabilities elsewhere.' American 'crowds, and public gatherings, and thronged streets, show the best-looking aggregate of humanity, male and female, in the world.' To show how much superior in stature the Americans are, he says: 'Put Lord John Russell and Daniel Webster back to back, and mark how the Americans overtop their English relatives.' The American 'features are more sharply chiselled than in any other people,' and their 'foreheads are higher and wider.' In expression (he does not mean language) 'the Americans surpass every other people. The expression of the common face of America is without doubt the finest in the world.' He concludes that 'man has never had so fair a chance as in America'—not only of living in the world or of diversifying his way of going out of it, but he emphatically asserts that, until the American woman was formed, or re-formed, man had never had but half a chance of coming into the world. 'It is easier, say the midwives, to come into this world of America than any other world extant.'

As a matter of choice we prefer the humour of the serious writing to that of the intentional parody. It is ever the most provocative of mirth when the humour produces its effects with unconsciousness of manner. Many writers assume this look

and attitude, and thus render their drollery all the drier. But they cannot possibly compete with the man who does not know that he is making fun all the while he is so much in earnest, and whose jokes are too subtle for his own perception. This is one of the most laughable aspects of American humour.

Again, the Yankee character has presented to the world a fresh complexity of the great human problem. Hitherto we have been in the habit of thinking that boasting and doing were almost incompatible. And here is a nation of boasters who can act as vigorously as they can brag; who can keep up a lusty crow under the most discouraging circumstances, go on telling the world what they mean to do and be as good as their word in the end. The Yankees can both brag and hold fast. Of course it was not, even with them, the great boasters that did the real work. Their fighting-men were comparatively silent; they did not spend their breath in words, but put it into blows. The burden was borne, the success attained by those who knew how to put the

‘silent rhyme,  
Twixt upright Will and downright Action;’

men who had come to the conclusion that

‘Words, if you keep them, pay their keep,  
But gabble’s the short cut to ruin;  
It’s gratis (gals half-price), but cheap  
At no rate, if it hinders doin’.’

Still, the national character includes these two extremes; thus creating that congruity out of the incongruous which is so great and effective an element in the production of humour.

One of the earliest, most obvious, and most easily illustrated characteristics of Yankee humour is its lusty hyperbole and power of boundless exaggeration. It is great in ‘throwing the hatchet,’ and ‘pitching it strong;’ mighty in drawing the ‘long-bow’ for a flight unparalleled. In this respect it shows some traits of kinship to the old Norse humour, with its immeasurable broad grins and huge uncontrollable laughers. We catch a far-off echo from the back woods of the new world of that Broddingnagian humour which once delighted the Norsemen in the old. The story-tellers are not the simple men of the Sagas; they have acquired a few more ‘wrinkles’ of knowledge; the laugh has lost somewhat of the old hearty ring; the imagination is seldom sublime; still we recognize the instinct of race working on and asserting itself; and

in defiance of time, and change, and shape, we find an affinity here to the broad humour of the blithe Norsemen.

We can trace certain types of Norse humour in some of the Yankee stories. Also in expression there is yet a speaking likeness. At the gate of Utgard, says the Norseman, you found it so high that ‘*you had to strain your neck bending back to see to the top!*’ In the Norse tales we have a character who listens and listens until ‘*his ears are fit to fall off!*’ Another is in such a passion he ‘*does not know which leg to stand upon.*’ Another has such a bush of beard that the birds come and build their nests in it. Speaking of a very long distance, the North Wind attempts to indicate it by saying that ‘*once in his life he blew an aspen leaf thither, but it made him so tired he could not blow a puff for ever so many days after.*’ And surely the American Eagle, of which we hear such astounding things, must be one with that great Giant of the Edda who sits at the end of the world in eagle’s shape, and when he flaps his wings all the winds come that blow upon man.’

This tendency to humorous exaggeration has run to riot in the Yankee mind, especially in that which is a dweller somewhere ‘down East’ or ‘out West.’ In comparison with its faculty for ‘stretching it’ when ‘spinning a yarn,’ the ‘going in for it,’ the ‘piling of it up,’ the Norse originals are left far behind. In no domain does it ‘go-ahead’ more rapidly than in ‘running a rig’ with that species of humour which depends on enormous lying for its success. Something vast in this way might have been anticipated from a people born and bound to ‘whip all creation;’ the children of ‘Nature and of Freedom,’ half horse and half alligator, with a dash of earthquake, whose country is bounded ‘on the East by the Atlantic ocean, on the North by the Aurora Borealis, on the West by the setting Sun, and on the South by the Day of Judgment.’ *The Geography has been too much for the brain.* Thus we meet with a Yankee in England who is afraid of taking his usual morning walk lest he should step off the edge of the country. Another, who had been to Europe, when asked if he had crossed the Alps, said he guessed they did come over some *risin ground*.

It is related of one of this class which nothing astonishes, nothing upsets, that he wanted to send a message by telegraph, something like a thousand miles, and on being informed that it would take ten minutes said *he couldn’t wait*.

Akin to which is the story told by Mr.

Howells, in his recent work on Venetian Life, of a 'sharp, bustling, go-a-head Yankee,' who rushed into the Armenian convent one morning rubbing his hands, and demanded that they should *show him all they could in five minutes*. The Yankees pride themselves on this trait of their character. They consider themselves much quicker and 'cuter' than the slow unwieldy English. Mr. Hawthorne found one of his consolations in this fact. We have never heard, however, what become of that particularly acute child (Yankee of course) who left his home and native parish at the age of fifteen months, because *he was given to understand that his parents intended to call him 'Caleb.'* There can be no doubt that so precociously sensitive an advanced intellect was soon snuffed out.

Here is a bit of Yankee humour really worthy of the Norse imagination. It is so ridiculous as to be within one step of the sublime. A traveller called at an hotel in Albany, and asked the waiter for a bootjack. 'What for?' said the astonished waiter. 'To take off my boots.' 'Jabers what a fut!' the waiter remarked, as he surveyed the monstrosity, for the man had an enormous foot. At length, we may say at full-length, he gave it as his opinion that there wasn't a bootjack in all creation of any use for a 'fut' like that, and if the traveller wanted 'them are' boots off he would have to go back *to the fork in the roads to get them off.*

The Yankee also too keenly follows out the consequence of any embarrassment in which he finds himself. To take a recent illustration of this tendency, a Pittsburgh paper states that a melancholy case of self-murder occurred on Sunday, near Titusville, Pennsylvania. The following schedule of misfortunes was found in the victim's left boot:—

'I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterwards my wife had a son—he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife—i. e. my step-daughter, had also a son; he was, of course, my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather.'

It may have been 'out West' that the thieves were so 'smart' they stole a felled walnut-tree in the night-time; drew the log right slick out of the bark, and left the five watchers sitting fast asleep astride the rind! Kentucky must have the credit for that wonderful curative ointment, which was so effective that when a dog's tail had been cut off, they had only to apply the ointment whereupon a new tail instantly sprouted, and a youngster, with a genuine Yankee turn of thought, picked up the old tail, and tried the ointment upon it, when it grew into a second dog, so like the other that no one could tell which was which.

There is just a smile of this kind of humour in a story told of two Yankees on meeting; the one said, 'How are you, old Ben Russell?' 'Come now,' says the other, 'I'll bet you I aint any older than you! Tell us, what is the earliest recollection that you have?' 'Well,' says he, looking back intently through the mists of memory, 'the very first thing that I can remember is hearing people say, as you went by, *There goes old Ben Russell!*' Holmes has neatly bottled a flash of this lightning, and put it into verse.

'Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade,  
Alike was famous for his arm and blade.  
One day a prisoner Justice had to kill,  
Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill.  
Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-browed,

Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd,  
His falchion lighten'd with a sudden gleam,  
As the pike's armour flashes in the stream.  
He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go;  
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.

"Why strikest not? Perform thy murderous act,"

The prisoner said. (*His voice was slightly crack'd.*)

"Friend, I have struck," the artist straight replied;

"Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."

He held his snuff-box—"Now then, if you please!"

The prisoner sniffed, and with a crashing sneeze,

Off his head tumbled—bowed along the floor—

Bounced down the steps; *the prisoner said no more.*

The Americans are rich in specimens of what we may call the humours of character, though, we should imagine, these are much droller in life than the dried samples we have gathered up in books.

A complicated case was rather nicely



met by an American preacher, who owned half of a negro slave, and who used in his prayers to supplicate the blessings of heaven on his house, his family, his land, and his half of Pompey.

The late President Lincoln was very fond of one particular form of Yankee humour, which consists of telling a little allegorical story pat to the purpose, and pointedly illustrative of some present difficulty. He had a large fund of personal humour, by the aid of which his other self often took refuge behind the mask that has a broad grin on it. In this way he was enabled to parry many obstinate questionings which pressed inopportunately upon him. No one ever had a quicker eye for the humours of the national character, but it is evident that his grim jests and strange mirth were only deep sadness in other shapes; bubbles from the troubled depths. He was by no means author of all the sayings attributed to him. Some of these are older than he himself was. Many were well known before he made use of them and re-stamped them for a quicker and wider circulation. Of this class was his story of the man who would not change horses when crossing a stream, applied by him as an argument against changing his Cabinet at a peculiar time. His favourite illustration of a round peg in a square hole, by which he indicated a man who did not fit his place, is one of Sydney Smith's happy markings-off. It occurs at least twice in the course of his 'Letters.' And this reminds us that various stories collected in 'American Wit and Humour' have already seen much service in the old world before they were transplanted. One of these belongs originally to Partridge, the Almanack Maker, and it has been applied to David Ditson.

Curiously enough, we find cited as a sample of American humour a description of a man who had fallen in love and been wrecked on the coral reefs, namely, of a woman's red lips. And in a quaint old English love-poem, probably of the seventeenth century, we find the idea in these lines—

'Tell me not of your starrie eyes,  
Your lips that seem on roses fed,  
Your breasts, where Cupid trembling lies,  
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed;  
These are but gauds: nay, what are lips?  
Coral beneath the ocean-stream,  
Whose brink when your adventurer slips,  
Full oft he perisheth on them.'

It is difficult to discover anything under the sun that is perfectly new. What the

Americans are and do is often so much more ludicrous than what they write. The first specimen of American humour which attracted much attention among us was 'Major Downing's Letters,' a keen political satire, which presented us with the first authentic specimen of the wonderful tongue which forms the actual colloquial dialect of the United States.\* Major Downing represented very cleverly the bluntness and shrewdness of a country Yankee. He was the parent of Sam Slick, who was the great illustrator of the style of humorous exaggeration; but as Sam was not a Yankee, and as enormous lying is not the most valuable feature of Yankee humour, we do not include him in the present article, which is devoted to the humour of the Yankee writers themselves. And we must avow that in our opinion the Yankee humour has not the ruddy health, the abounding animal spirits, the glow and glory of healthful and hearty life of our greatest English. As the Yankee has a leaner look, a thinner humanity, than the typical Englishman who gives such a fleshy and burly embodiment to his love of beef and beer, so the humour is less plump and rubicund. It does not revel in the same richness, nor enjoy its wealth in the same happy unconscious way, nor attain to the like fulness and play of power. We cannot imagine Yankee humour, with its dry drollery, its shrewd *keeking*, *shut-eyed* way of looking at things, ever embodying such a mountain of mirth as we have in Falstaff.

But, as Lowell reminds us, the men who peopled the New England States were not the traditional full-fed, rotund, and rosy-gilled Englishmen, but a hard-faced, atrabilious, earnest-eyed race, somewhat 'stiff with long wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and who had taught Satan to dread the new Puritan hug.' Then their sense of freedom scarcely included the liberty of the lungs in full crow with merriment. And if they felt internal ticklings now and again they were sure to suspect it was the devil's work. It was necessary, they fancied, to keep the face rigidly set in order that they might preserve their spiritual balance. So they kept watch and ward against all such wanton wiles of the wicked one. Thus humour lived a more silent and stunted life; it grew slyer in character and more covert in expression; it learned to say the drollest things with the old family face and with a sense of the stern Puritan eye still upon it. Such, we think, was the early formation of

\* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. III., p. 396.

its most characteristic manner. And this manner has been very recently illustrated by the 'Sayings' of Josh Billings. Josh never laughs downright. There may be a knowing light in his eye, an oafish pucker at the corners of the mouth, otherwise he is prim as a Puritan; his bearing is formed on the early model. The Yankee has a knack of splitting his sides silently and making no outward sign. He does not laugh, he only chuckles internally. We have heard of an English actor who went to New York, and on the first night of his playing performed an exceedingly comic part, in which he was accustomed to produce roars of laughter. But here there was scarcely a grin. He thought he must have failed altogether. On leaving the theatre he heard two of the audience conversing on the subject of his acting. 'Never saw such a funny fellow in all my life,' said one; and the other replied, 'Thought I should have busted twenty times over.' But they had kept it to themselves whilst inside the theatre. So is it with 'Josh Billings' personally: a few of whose sayings we quote:—

'Some people are fond of bragging about their ancestors, and their great descent, when in fact their great descent is just what is the matter of them.'

'If I was asked, "What is the chief end of man now-a-days," I should immediately reply, "10 per cent."

'It is dreadful easy to be a fool. A man can be a fool and not know it.'

'God save the fools, and don't let them run out! for if it wasn't for them, wise men couldn't get a living.'

'It is true that wealth won't make a man virtuous, but I notice there aint anybody who wants to be poor just for the purpose of being good.'

'There are some dogs' tails which can't be got to curl no-ways, and some which will, and you can't stop 'em. If you bathe a curly dog's tail in oil and bind it in splints, you can't get the crook out of it. Now a man's ways of thinking is the crook in the dog's tail, and can't be got out; and every one should be allowed to wag his own peculiarity in peace.'

'When a fellow gets to going down hill, it does seem as though everything had been greased for the occasion.'

Josh Billings' notions respecting the animal kingdom are very amusing at times. This of the mule for instance:—

'The mule is half horse and half Jackass, and then comes to a full stop, Nature discovering her mistake. The only way to keep a mule in a pasture is to turn it into a meadow adjoining, and let it jump out. They are like

some men, very corrupt at heart. I've known them to be good mules for six months, just to get a good chance to kick somebody. The only reason why they are patient is because they are ashamed of themselves.'

His puritanical manner and dry caustic cynicism notwithstanding, 'Josh Billings' can tell 'whoppers' on occasion after the 'down East' fashion, the uproarious breakings out of nature long repressed. He has likewise a touch of a kind of humour that in itself is inexpressible, in its character indescribable, in its appeal helplessly ludicrous. An example of what we mean occurs in Dickens's 'American Notes.' We think it is the writer himself who was standing on the deck of the vessel in a storm, up to his knees in water; and when some one suggested that he would take cold, he pointed down toward his feet and murmured 'cork soles.'

It must be merely from imitation that Josh Billings has adopted his mode of spelling. It does not in the least enrich his humour, has no affinities to it. In the case of Artemus Ward, we may imagine it to be a part of the speaker's character. With him it looks like an element in that species of drollery which is his forte; it helps to elongate and drawl out the humour. But many of Josh Billings' sayings are keen enough for the short, sharp, direct utterance of Douglas Jerrold, and the spelling is an annoying obstruction; this we have removed in our quotations.

Again, in relation to the old world, there is a spice of the *Gamin* nature in American humour, a dash of impudence in the way it will 'take a sight' at the venerable author of its being, or, as it may consider, the 'onnatural old parent.' It can be as amusingly pert in its patronage of England as Mr. Bailey was when his impudent eyes detected in Sairey Gamp the remains of a fine woman. Its assumption is astoundingly vast; it takes such a range of conditions for granted, each of which we should dispute at the outset, and every one of which we might consider totally inadmissible. But, whilst we may be pointing out the impossible premises, it has reached its equally impossible conclusions. Sometimes this is done with the consciousness made visible. At other times it attains its triumph in apparent unconsciousness of the existence of the society or personal distinctions which it so coolly and so utterly ignores. Not that we believe in the unconsciousness of Yankee humour. If unconscious, it would be more self-enjoying, and experience more

'the delight of happy laughter.' The utmost that it can reach is a sort of *knowing unconsciousness*. Artemus Ward will help to make our meaning understood. He has given to it the broadest illustration in his well-known 'Interview with the Prince of Wales in Canada.'

Artemus Ward, however, is not so good in his sayings as in his scenes; but the most racy of these, such as his Interview with the Prince of Wales in Canada, and his Courtship of Betsey Jane, are too long for quotation in full. The position of the lovers in the courting scene must have been rather a perilous one:—

We sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballunsin myself on the fense, while my rite was woundid luvliny round her waste.'

The natural reasons why the two were drawn together are amusingly simple:—

'There was many affectia ties which made me banker arter Betsey Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squencht their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forrers; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsey's and mine) slept reglarly every Sunday in the same meetin house, and the nabers used to observe, "How thick the Wards and Peasley's air!" It was a sublime site, in the Spring of the year, to see our sevral mothers (Betsey's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so thay could'nt sile 'em, affeeshuntly Biling sope together & aboozing the nabers.'

The humour of Artemus Ward hardly attains the dignity of literature. If Republicans kept their fools, we might class him with the court jesters of old. He is a species of the practical joker who wears a cap and bells. To us it seems that the drollery would be better spoken than written. It wants the appropriate facial and nasal expression to make it complete. Now and then, however, he says something perfect in itself, as where he announces that 'the world continues to revolve round on her own axeltree onct in every twenty-four hours, subject to the Constitution of the United States.' 'If you ask me,' he says, 'how pious Brigham Young is? I treat it as a conundrum, and give it up.'

After all, we do not see that he gains much by his mis-spelling. Mr. Ward makes no humorous use of this device. The

spelling here, as with Josh Billings and others, is neither genuinely Yankee nor really witty. Indeed, this habit of trying to make letters do the *grinning*, looks like an African perception of the ludicrous: a trick caught from the negro.

The faculty which the negro has for making fun by the distortion of language is well known. The sound that words make when tortured appears to please his fancy, and constitute a sort of humour; and America is now producing as many imitators of this *grotesquerie* which is natural to the negro, as it has sent forth followers of the negro minstrel in the swarms of sham Ethiopian and other serenaders.

It is quite true that *iteration*, if not an element of humour, is at least a potent instrument for tickling the ears of the multitude, as we may learn from the inextinguishable laughter produced in our own country by so very moderate a piece of pleasantry as 'How's your poor feet?' or the Parisian 'Where's Lambert?' or any other vulgar catchword. By constant repetition, together with the absurd appeal to the gravity of the person addressed, a sort of fun is generated, and thousands can repeat and repeat it, and enjoy the jest as much as if it contained the best wit in the world.

In the 'Biglow Papers' the spelling is perfectly legitimate. It carefully reproduces a dialect, and we have real nature contributing to the purpose of art.

In this description of Hosea Biglow by his father, the spelling is an essential part of the representation. It not only helps to set before us the rustic poet under inspiration, in life-like colours, but it also served to give bucolic character and national *twang* to the speaker's self.

'Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I heern Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in flt time. The old Woman ses she to me, ses she, Zekle, ses she, our Hosee's gut the chollery or suthin another ses she, don't you Bee skeered, ses I, he's ony amaking pottery ses i, he's ollers on hand at that ere busynes like Da & martin, and shure enuf, cum mornin, Hosy, he cum down stares full chizzle, hare on eend and cote tales flyin, and sot rite of to go reed his varses to Parson Wilbur bein he haint aney grate shows o' book larnin himself, bimeby he cum back and sed the parson wuz drefle tickled with 'em as I hoop you will Be. and said they wuz True grit.'

'Hosy ses he sed suthin' a nuther about Simplex Mundishes or sum sech feller, but I guess Hosea kind o' didn't hear him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that name in this villadge, and I've lived here man and boy 76 year cum next

tatur digging, and thar aint nowheres a kitting spryer'n I be.

But the work of which we are now speaking is the lustiest product of the national humour; it is Yankee through and through; indigenous as the flowers of the soil, native as the note of the bob-a-link. The author is a poet of considerable repute, who has written much beautiful verse. But he has never fulfilled his early promise in serious poetry. In this book alone has he reached his full stature, and written with the utmost pith and power. Doubtless because in this he relies more on the national life, his work is more *en rapport* with the national character, and thus the book is one of those that could only be written in one country, and at one period of history. The enduring elements of art, of poetry, of humour, must be found at home or nowhere. And the crowning quality of Lowell's humour is, that it was found at home, his book is a national birth.

The 'Biglow Papers' include most of the aspects of American humour upon which we have touched, the raucy and hilarious yet *matter-of-fact* hyperbole, that is, 'audible and full of vent'; the boundless exaggeration uttered most demurely, the *knowing* unconsciousness, and other characteristic clues. They have also that infusion of poetry which is necessary to humour at its best.

The two great characters of the book are the 'Rev. Homer Wilbur,' to whom Hosea Biglow, the young poet, takes his verses, and 'Birdofredum Sawin.' But there are various smaller sketches of character admirably drawn with the fewest strokes. We have not room for the Newspaper Editor, one of the base 'mutton-loving shepherds,' of which says the Rev. Homer Wilbur, there are two thousand in the United States.

The life and glory of the Biglow Papers is Mr. 'Birdofredum Sawin.' His experiences are as delightful as his character is disreputable and true to nature. He has been through the Mexican war, and this is his description of his losses. Among other things he has lost a leg; however, he has gained a new wooden one.

This was what he got, instead of making his fortune as he had anticipated. Dilapidated and maimed as he is, useless for anything else, he proposes to canvas for the Presidency, and his instructions for agents show genuine insight, a fine sagacity:—

'Ef, wile you're 'lectioneerin' round, some curious chaps should beg  
To know my views o' state affairs, jest answer  
WOODEN LEG?  
Ef they aint satisfied with thet, an' kin' o' pry an' doubt,  
An' ax fer suthin' deffynit, jest say ONE EYE  
PUT OUT!  
Then you can call me "Timbertoes,"— thet's wut the people likes;  
Sutthin' combinin' morril truth with phrases  
sech ez strikes;

"Old Timbertoes," you see, 's a creed it's safe to be quite bold on,  
There's nothin' in't the other side can any ways git hold on;  
It's a good tangible idee, a suthin' to embody  
Thet valooable class o' men who look thru brandy-toddy;  
It gives a Party Platform, tu, jest level with the mind  
Of all right-thinkin', honest folks thet mean to go it blind;  
Then there air other good hooraws to dror on ez you need 'em,  
Sech ez the ONE-EYED SLARTERER, the BLOODY BIRDOFREDUM:  
Them's wut takes hold o' folks thet think, ez well ez o' the masses,  
An' makes you sartin o' the aid o' good men of all classes.'

Lowell tried during the late war to continue his 'Biglow Papers.' It is proverbially difficult to continue a work like this, as difficult, we should say, as it is to continue a first child in the person and character of a second. But he succeeded in writing one or two papers worthy of being included in the design. It is interesting, on looking back now, to observe how much national character there is in the book. The theme on which he wrote is obsolete, but the human nature remains the same. 'Birdofredum Sawin' is vital and superior to circumstance, and impudent as ever.

Neither Lowell nor any other American poet has ever before painted the coming of the New England spring with the native beauty and new-world truth of these lines:—

'Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees,  
An' settlin' things in windy Congresses,—  
'Fore long the trees begin to show belief,—  
The maple crimson to a coral-reef,  
Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers  
So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,  
Then grey hoscches'nuts leetle hands unfold  
Softer'n a baby's be at three days old:

This is the robin's almanick ; he knows  
Thet arter this ther' s only blossom-snows ;  
So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,  
He goes to plast'rin' his adobe house.

Then seems to come a hitch, — things lag behind,  
Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind,

An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh their dams

Heaped-up with ice thet dovetails in an' jams,  
A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole cleft,  
Grows stronger, fiercer, tears out right an' left,  
Then all the waters bow themselves an' come,  
Suddin, in one gret slope o' shedderin' foam.  
Jes' so our Spring gits everythin' in tune  
An' gives one leap from April into June :  
Then all comes crowdin' in ; afore you think,  
The oak-buds mist the side-hill woods with pink,

The catbird in the laylock-bush is loud,  
The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud,  
In ellum-shrowds the flashin' hangbird clings  
An' for the summer vy'ge his hammock slings,  
All down the loose-walled lanes in archin' bow-  
ers

The barb'ry droops its strings o' golden flow-  
ers,

Whose shrinkin' hearts the school-gals love to try

With pins, — they'll worry you'n so, boys,  
bimeby !

'Nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet o' the year,  
Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here ;  
Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,  
Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin'  
wings,

Or, givin' way to't in a mock despair,  
Rans down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air.'

Lowell has fought long and strenuously  
against negro slavery, and lashed the vices  
of American politics. But his ballad of  
'The Courtin' is on quite a different theme,  
and causes a regret that he has not written  
more rustic poetry : —

'Zekle cresp' up, quite unbeknown,  
An' peeked in thru the winder,  
An' there sot Huldy all alone,  
'ith one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimblly, crooknecks hung,  
An' in amongst 'em rusted  
The ole Queen's arm thet gran'ther Young  
Fetehed back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out  
Towards the poottiest, bless her !  
An' leetle fires danced all about  
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wur in,  
Looked warn frum floor to ceilin',  
An' she looked full ez rosy agin  
Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,  
Araspin' on the scraper, —  
All ways to once her feelins flew  
Like sparks in burat-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,  
Some doubtfle o' the seekle ;  
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,  
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk  
Ez though she wished him farder,  
An' on her apples kep' to work  
Ez ef a wager spurred her.

" You want to see my Pa, I spose ? "  
" Wal, no ; I come designin' — "  
" To see my Ma ? She's sprinklin' clo'es  
Agin tomorrow's i'nin' "

He stood a spell on one foot fust,  
Then stood a spell on tother,  
An' on which one he felt the wust  
He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

He was six foot o' man A 1,  
Clean grit an' human natur ;  
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton  
Nor dror a farrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,  
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,  
Fust this one and then thet by spells, —  
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run,  
All crinkly like curled maple.  
The side she breshed felt full o' sun  
Ez a South slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed such a swing  
Ez hsin in the choir,  
My ! when he made Ole Hundred ring,  
She know'd the Lord was nigher.

Sez he, " I'd better call agin ; "  
Sez she, " Think likely, Mister ; "  
The last word pricked him like a pin,  
An' — wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,  
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,  
All kind o' smily round the lips,  
An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide  
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,  
An' all I know is they waz cried  
In meetin', cum nex Sunday.'



In this we see humour at play with sentiment, and should like to have had more such interiors pictured with the same vividness and delightful ease. In the other poems we meet with humour — Yankee humour — in a working mood. Hosea Biglow means 'business' when he enters the arena, and he strikes his blows with the most sinewy strength; they go right home with the utmost directness. The scorn that is concentrated in a local phrase, the satire that is conveyed in the homeliest imagery, are hurled with double force; the irony often reaches a Swift-like intensity. The amount of hard truth here flung in a humorous guise at humbugs political and literary is positively overwhelming. And to enhance the effect there is that Yankee dialect, with its aggravating *drawl*. Therefore we look upon the 'Biglow Papers' as the most characteristic and complete expression of American humour.

We do not purpose including the humour of Irving in this sketch. It does not smack strongly of the American soil; its characteristics are old English rather than modern Yankee. In its own mild way it is akin to the best humour, that which gives forth the fragrance of feeling, and is a pervasive influence, elusive and ethereal, sweet and shy; the loving effluence of a kindly nature whose still smiles are often more significant, and come from a deeper source, than the loudest laughter. This is the quality likewise of Hawthorne's humour. But his has more piquancy and new-world flavour. To do it justice, however, would demand a close psychological study, so curious and complex were the nature and genius of the man; the nature was a singular growth for such a soil, the genius out of keeping with the environment, or, as the Americans would say, the 'fixings,' — a new-world man who shrank like a sensitive plant from the heat, and haste, and loudness of his countrymen, and whose brooding mind was haunted by shadows from the past. There was a sombre background to his mind or temperament, against which the humour plays more brightly. In the piece entitled the 'Celestial Railroad,' a modern version of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which shows how easy it is to do the journey now-a-days by the new and improved passage to the Celestial City, where stood the wicket-gate of old we now find a station. Here you take your ticket, and there is no need of carrying your burthen on your back, as did poor Christian; that goes in the luggage-van. A bridge has been thrown across the Slough of Despond. There is no longer any feud betwixt Beelze-

bulb and the wicket-gate keeper. They are now partners in the same concern, with all the ancient difficulties amicably arranged. A tunnel passes through the hill Difficulty, with the *debris* of which they have filled up the Valley of Humiliation; and instead of meeting pilgrims and compelling them to mortal combat, Apollyon is the engine-driver. The passage is safe, the journey is short, but somehow, when the end is near, the doubts thicken, and the smile of the humourist is of a kind to awaken grave troubled thoughts.

Hitherto slavery and politics have been the chief subjects of the best American humour. The great social satirist has to come. And should he arise there will be ample scope for the play of his saturnine humour. 'The leading defect of the Yankee,' says an American writer, E. F. Whipple, 'consists in the gulf which separates his moral opinions from his moral principles. His talk about virtue in the abstract would pass as sound in a nation of saints, but he still contrives that his interests shall not suffer by the rigidity of his maxims. Your true Yankee, indeed, has a spruce, clean, Pecksniffian way of doing a wrong, which is inimitable. Believing, after a certain fashion, in justice and retribution, he still thinks that a sly, shrewd, keen, supple gentleman, like himself, can dodge in a quiet way the moral laws of the universe, without any particular pother being made about it.' This affords a fine opening for the great humourist with genuine insight and a sure touch; a nature that can 'coin the heart for jests,' use the scalpel smilingly, apply the cautery genially, and give the bitter drink blandly. Would the Americans welcome such a writer? There was a time when they would not: we think there are signs that they now would. They are beginning to laugh, and to laugh at their own expense. This is finding out the true remedy for that over-sensitiveness at the laugh of others which has tyrannized over them so long.

The author of the 'Potiphar Papers' has attempted to satirize the vices and foibles of the 'upper ten thousand,' the ruinous extravagance and vulgar display, the insane ambition to blow the loudest trumpet and beat the biggest drum, the crushing and trampling to get a front seat in the universe of fashion, *i.e.* a *palatial residence* with thirty feet of frontage; the coarse worship of wealth, the pompous profusion, and the vain endeavours of a shoddy aristocracy to outshine all foreign splendours; the houses which are 'like a woman dressed in Ninon de L'Enfles' bodice, with Queen Anne's

hooped skirt, who limps in Chinese shoes, and wears an Elizabethan ruff round her neck and a Druse's horn on her head ;' the vast mirrors that only serve to magnify the carnival of incongruity ; the want of taste everywhere, or rather the prevalence of the taste that estimates all things as beautiful and precious which cost a great deal of money. One of the best characters in these papers is 'Thurz Pasha,' ambassador from the 'King of Sennaar.' He writes home to his royal master the results of his experience. 'I have found them (the Americans) totally free from the petty ambitions, the bitter resolves, and the hollow pretences, that characterize the society of older States. The people of the first fashion unite the greatest simplicity of character with the utmost variety of intelligence, and the most graceful elegance of manner.

'The universal courtesy and consideration — the gentle charity, which does not consider the appearance but the substance — the republican independence, which teaches foreign lords and ladies the worthlessness of mere rank, by obviously respecting the character and not the title — the eagerness with which foreign habits are subdued, by the positive nature of American manners — the readiness to assist — the total want of coarse social emulation — the absence of ignorance, prejudice, and vulgarity in the selecter circles — the broad, sweet, catholic welcome to all that is essentially national and characteristic, which sends the young American abroad only that he may return eschewing European habits, and with a confidence in man and his country chastened by experience — these have most interested and charmed me in the observation of this pleasing people. They are never ashamed to confess that they are poor. They acknowledge the equal dignity of all kinds of labour, and do not presume on any social difference between their baker and themselves. Knowing that luxury enervates a nation, they aim to show in their lives, as in their persons, that simplicity is the finest ornament. We, who are reputed savages, might well be astonished and fascinated with the results of civilization, as they are here displayed.'

Oliver Wendell Holmes is likewise doing his best to tell his countrymen a few truths it was well they should learn, especially from their own writers. He can say the most unpalatable things in the pleasantest possible way. He does not appeal to the pride and pugnacity of his countrymen, or tell them that America is the only place in which a man can stand upright and draw free breath. He thinks there is 'no sufficient flavour of humanity in the soil' out of which they grow, and that it makes a man humane to 'live on the old humanized soil'

of Europe. He will not deny the past for the sake of glorifying the present. 'They say a dead man's hand cures swellings if laid on them ; nothing like the dead cold hand of the past to take down our tumid egotism.' He is equally the enemy of 'highfalutin,' and spread-eagleism, and social slang. 'First-rate,' 'prime,' 'a prime article,' 'a superior piece of goods,' 'a gent in a flowered vest ;' all such expressions are final. They blast the lineage of him or her who utters them, for generations up and down. He tells them that 'good-breeding is surface Christianity.' He slyly consoles them with the thought that 'good Americans when they die go to Paris.' He is thoroughly national himself, and would have American patriotism large and liberal, not a narrow provincial conceit. The 'autocrat' is assuredly one of the pleasantest specimens of the American gentleman, and one of the most charming of all chatty companions ; genial, witty, and wise ; never wearisome. We fancy the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' is not so well known or widely read in this country as it deserves to be. A more delightful book has not come over the Atlantic.

We have reserved Holmes to the last, not that he is least amongst American humourists, but because he brings American humour to its finest point, and is, in fact, the first of American Wits.

Perhaps the following verses will best illustrate a speciality of Holmes's wit, the kind of *badinage* with which he quizzes common sense so successfully, by his happy paradox of serious straightforward statement, and quiet qualifying afterwards by which he tapers his point.

#### CONTENTMENT.

'Man wants but little here below.'

'Little I ask ; my wants are few ;  
I only wish a hat of stone  
(A very plain brown stone will do),  
That I may call my own ; —  
And close at hand is such a one,  
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me ;  
Three courses are as good as ten ;  
If Nature can subsist on three,  
Thank Heaven for three. Amen !  
I always thought cold victuals nice, —  
My choice would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land ; —  
Give me a mortgage here and there,  
Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,  
Or trifling railroad share, —

I only ask that Fortune send  
A little more than I shall spend.

Honours are silly toys, I know,  
And titles are but empty names;  
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo —  
But only near St. James;  
I'm very sure I should not care  
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin  
To care for such unfruitful things; —  
One good-sized diamond in a pin,  
Some, *not so large* in rings,  
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,  
Will do for me; — I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire  
(Good heavy silks are never dear);  
I own perhaps I *might* desire  
Some shawls of true Cashmere, —  
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,  
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,  
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;  
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,  
But *all* must be of buhl?  
Give grasping pomp its double care, —  
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,  
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;  
If heaven more generous gifts deny,  
I shall not miss them *much*, —  
Too grateful for the blessing lent  
Of simple tastes and mind content!

Having had our laugh at Yankee humour, let us glance at what it tells us seriously. In the first place it is morally healthy and sound. It has its coarsenesses, though these lie more in the using of a word profanely than in profanity of purpose. It has no ribaldry of Silenus, nor is there any leer of the satyr from among the leaves. We perceive no tendency to uncleanness. Fashionable ladies of the New York 'upper ten thousand' may be French at heart in the matter of dress and novel-reading, but the national humour does not follow the French fashion; has no dalliance with the devil by playing with forbidden things, no art of insidious suggestion. In this respect it is hale and honest as nature herself. And it is just as sound on the subject of politics. Disgust more profound, scorn more scathing, than Lowell expresses for the scum of the national intellect thrown up to the political surface by the tumult and fierce whirl of the national life, could not be uttered in English. He tells the people they cannot make any great advance; cannot ascend the heights of a noble humanity;

cannot reach the promise of their new land and new life; cannot win respect for self nor applause from others,

'Long 'z you elect for Congressmen poor shotes  
thet want to go  
Coz they can't seem to git their grub no otherways than so,  
An' let your bes' men stay to home coz they  
wun't show ez talkers,  
Nor can't be hired to fool ye an' sof-soap ye  
at a caucus, —  
Long 'z ye set by Rotashun more'n ye do by  
folks's merits,  
Ez though experunce thriv by change o' sile,  
like corn an' kerrits, —  
Long 'z you allow a critter's "claims" coz,  
spite o' shoves an' tippins,  
He's kep' his private pan jest where 't would  
ketch mos' public drippins —  
Long 'z you suppose your votes can turn biled  
kebbage into brain,  
An' ary man thet's pop'lar's fit to drive a  
lightnin'-train,  
Long 'z you believe democracy means *I'm ez  
good ez you be*,  
An' thet a feller from the ranks can't be a  
knave or booby, —  
Long 'z Congress seems purvided, like yer  
street ears an' yer 'busses,  
With ollers room for jes' one more o' your  
spiled-in-bakin' cusses,  
Dough 'bout the emptins of a soul, an' yit  
with means about 'em  
(Like essence-pedlers\*) thet'll make folks long  
to be without 'em,  
Jest heavy 'nough to turn a scale thet's  
doubtful the wrong way,  
An' make their nat'ral arsenal o' bein' nasty  
pay.'

The war has taught the Americans many lessons, but it was only driving home, and clenching in some places, what their writers had been telling them beforehand. For example, that it is man, manhood, not multitude, which leads the nations and makes them great. They were made to learn, through a long and painful struggle, the helplessness of hands without head.

But this was what their best instructors had already insisted on. And, in the midst of the fight, Lowell cries to his countrymen, —

'It ain't your twenty millions that 'I'll ever block  
Jeff's game,  
But one man thet wun't let 'em jog jest ez  
he's takin' aim.'

And again, in answer to the continual call for more men, he says, —

\* Euphuistic for 'bugs.'

'More men? More Man! It's there we fail;  
 Weak plans grow weaker yit by lengthenin'  
 Wut use in addin' to the tail,  
 When it's the head 's in need of strengthen-  
 in'?'  
 We wanted one thet felt all Chief,  
 From roots o' hair to sole o' stockin',  
 Square-sot with thousan'-ton belief  
 In him an' us, ef earth went rockin'!'

We have always believed that there were better things at the centre of American life than were made conspicuous on the surface. We knew there were Americans who had not the popular belief in 'buncombe,' who had the deepest contempt for the 'tall talk' of their newspapers, and on whom the sayings and doings of their countrymen inflicted torments. Human nature in America is somewhat like the articles in a great exhibition, where the largest and loudest things first catch the eye and usurp the attention. Also, their system of representation gives the largest and loudest expression to the

grosser human interests in the political sphere; it aggregates a huge mass of ignorant selfishness, such as is not swiftly or easily touched with the fine thought or noble feeling of the few. For instance, the writers of America who represent its moral conscience, are in favour of an international copyright; they are on the side of right and justice, in opposition to those who represent only the political conscience of the country. But their difficulty is in bringing their *momentum* to bear upon the political machine, seeing that they cannot work directly through it. With us the apparatus is far more delicate and sensitive, and the chances of representation for the truer feeling and higher wisdom are infinitely greater. Nevertheless it is satisfactory to find — and the finger-pointings and the smile of Yankee humour-help greatly to show it — that there is among the Americans a stronger backing of sound sense, of clear seeing, and of right feeling, than we could have gathered any idea of from their political mouthpieces.

Mr. WILLIS's last letter was the following, published in Home Journal:

SICK ROOM, IDLEWILD, Dec. 4, 1866.

Dear Phillips: The promptness and efficiency and devotion with which you sprang to my side, on the doctor's announcing me a dying man, at my city lodgings, were memorable, indeed! You got me home on that beautiful Sunday, as few, except a "ministering angel," could have done the kindness. I am not suffering at present; but my paralysis has gradually crept from my legs upward to my lungs, and I am unable to sit erect without fainting. I am still very much as usual in the brain.

With a fearful storm raging in the Highlands about me, I am thinking how you are "making up" without me at the office, and wishing I were a "wee" bit nearer to you.

My friendship with you, which I cherish so pleasantly, stands a chance to be the last fully intellectual act of my life; yet it is by no means a novelty. When I found dear old Morris loving you, and making you his private secretary

and literary assistant, ten years ago, I adopted you as a creature to be loved, and I have found you to be a man singularly modest, and curiously unappreciative of many good qualities in yourself. I think, for an editor, your capacities are excellent. There is no better appreciator of a good thing, moral or intellectual, statistic or witty; but, as a business friend and partner, you are invaluable.

I am gratified to have lived long enough to get you fairly into harness, as a well-developed partner and co worker. I could have wished for more — but, alas! for this fragmentary life, it is hard to be taken soon enough; it is hard to be left long enough.

I am writing this, half-dead and half-alive, by the hand of my attentive and sweet wife, and it is not to be published while I live. But you will be at liberty to refer to it and print it, *post mortem*.

God bless you, my dear friend.

Yours faithfully, thus far.

N. P. WILLIS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CLOUDS.

ANOTHER secret, then, was to burden Gertrude's mind! What could she do? What ought she to do? If pussy-cat Alice had been one grain more genial and confiding, she would at least have endeavoured to draw from her an explanation of that strange painful scene with Mr. Frere, and advised,—if advice could be of any service.

That there was some entanglement; some betrothal; and that they themselves knew it to be imprudent, unwelcome to those to whom Alice might naturally be expected to confide it; that Mr. Frere was not what he had represented himself to be: all that was very evident. But not so evident what should be done in consequence of the discovery. If Gertrude had concealed from Sir Douglas the faulty conduct of his nephew, how could she feel justified in setting him against his more helpless sister? What if she caused some great quarrel between them? What if by revealing too soon a secret that Alice might one day herself confide, she made Sir Douglas's half-sister miserable for life? Yet if there was any meaning at all in Mr. Frere's parting sentences, they meant that he was unworthy of her; that he had done something which, *if known*,—whether the accusation were true or false, would be his ruin.

Oh! if Lorimer, the wise counsellor, the steady friend, the experienced mind, were but within hail, and she could consult him! She would not harm Alice; but at least she would learn what it was he had heard against Mr. James Frere. And while Gertrude was thus cogitating in her own simpler way, Alice was also deep in thought in the tower-room. Her obvious depression, her paleness, her starts when suddenly addressed, her wistful watches, in one generally so self-possessed, struck not only Gertrude, who thought she knew the cause, but Sir Douglas, who did not know the cause. And up to the tower-room, as he had come many a morning since their talking of kith and kin love, came that pitying heart, and, winding his arm round his half-sister's waist, told her in very plain words that he feared she was suffering; was sorry for Frere's departure; was ill; was uncomfortable; or that something had occurred between her and others that had vexed her.

Then, with a little shrinking from the encircling arm, Alice declared that nothing vexed her; that nothing had occurred be-

tween her and others; *not even between her and Lady Ross*, if that was what Douglas meant,—and she turned her eyes on him with well-acted shy questioning. Only she felt a little uncomfortable—a little embarrassed—now that Kenneth was again in the house; and old Lady Clochnaben pained her, and plagued her about those old stories—Sir Douglas knew what they were. And as he listened with grave attention, and such utter unconsciousness of her meaning as convinced her that innuendoes would never reach his understanding, Alice at length bravely spoke out, and saw the soldier's cheek slightly blanch as he heard her, without making any observation, steadily gaze from the turret window across the distant hills beyond which frowned rocky Clochnaben.

For,—creeping, and soft, and tortuous as were the words in which Alice conveyed her meaning, and quietly as her little claws alternately sheathed themselves in velvet, and extended themselves for a sharp grip of the heart with which she was playing,—she left with Sir Douglas the distinct and uneradicable impression that there had been no delirium in what Kenneth had spoken, in that one respect of his love for Gertrude. That he had certainly proposed for her; that her mother knew it; that all Naples expected it; that every one had known it—but himself.

And then, with timid hesitation, Alice further explained that she had alluded to something of the sort when she told Sir Douglas her more intimate conversations with Mr. Frere had been about “another person,” not about herself; that consultations had taken place with him whether she should venture on advising a near and dear friend (by which name she ventured to designate Lady Ross), because James Frere was very earnest and unindulgent, and a good deal scandalized at Kenneth's impertinent manner to Sir Douglas's wife. It was the manner of a young vain man who conceived that he had been unfairly used (Mr. Frere thought); and he ought to be checked; and Lady Ross did not check him. On the night of the family gathering,—that great dinner,—Kenneth had behaved very ill; he had spoken very insolently, while Sir Douglas was talking to Major Forbes in a different part of the room; had even made use of the expression to Lady Ross—“You think, because I was once so fond of you that you could have twisted me round your finger, that you're to govern me all my life”—and Mr. Frere was excessively shocked; the rather that Monzies of



Craigievar was standing by, and must also have heard it. And the same night Kenneth had quarrelled with Donna Eusebia; Lady Charlotte had been quite frightened by his violence; and Mr. Frere had hoped then that Lady Ross would have appealed to Sir Douglas to lecture the young man; but it seemed all was passed over very quietly. Mr. Frere had said also he was sure it was a marriage that could not end happily between Kenneth and the Spanish coquette; he had been very severe, and she, Alice, had since felt uncomfortable, she could hardly tell why, but she thought it was from knowing all that was said by Mr. Frere, and her half-brother knowing nothing of it; and she was sure she would be more cheerful and at her ease, now she had unburdened her heart, for she had never had any secrets to keep from any one (living so much alone), and it quite weighed upon her spirits the things Mr. Frere had said; and that old Lady Clochnaben, and even Lord Clochnaben,—who usually took so little interest in what passed,—had said against Kenneth. For of course Lady Ross could not help Kenneth being impertinent to her; and no one who knew the dear half-brother,—the soldier-hero that Alice was so proud to belong to,—could wonder that after knowing him she thought no more of Kenneth: but people's talk was irritating nevertheless; and Mr. Frere had wished Alice to keep utter silence about it, and she never would have spoken of it but for Douglas's questioning her. She would not deceive him by any but the real answer to his inquiries.

From the turret chamber, stately Sir Douglas went with rather slower step than usual to the bright morning room of his wife. She was there, playing with her little boy. It was a beautiful picture. Her arms were supporting the merry robust child as he leaned back in them, catching at the long braids of her hair with both hands.

"Your hair is the longest, mamma, of us two; but mine is the curliest! curly, curly, curly, like cousin Kenneth's."

"Curly like papa's?"

"No! 'cause papa's got white hairs in his, and I have no white hairs; curly like Kenneth's," persisted the child.

"Well, curly like Kenneth's: and now I am going to pull it all straight and flat like mine."

"No, no!"

And into the presence of the romping child and his laughing mother came the father and husband.

He kissed the boy fondly, and set him down again, walked to the window irresolutely, and returned. Then he said to his wife, "Gertrude, why did you never tell me Kenneth had proposed for you?"

The startled blood crimsoned in her cheek; and for a moment she did not reply. Then she answered in a low voice, "There were circumstances I thought might vex you."

"No circumstance could vex me like your appearing not to have perfect confidence in me. Was it before I came to Naples?"

"No. It was the very day you asked me to be your wife; almost immediately after you were gone from the Villa Mandorlo."

"Good God! And you never discouraged his attachment? He must have fancied himself very secure of a favourable answer."

The hot colour deepened in Gertrude's cheek. Something almost imperious and scornful was in her tone as she replied: "I never saw anything in Kenneth that led me to imagine he was attached to me. I could not, therefore, either encourage or discourage him. Who has been talking of these matters to you, dear Douglas?"

"Is it true that he quarrelled with Eusebia the night of the dinner-party here?" said Sir Douglas, without answering her question.

"Yes. I believe it is true they had a great quarrel. It seemed to pass off more easily than I should have thought possible. They both came to breakfast next day as if nothing had occurred."

"And you never told me!"

"Douglas"—said Gertrude, earnestly,— "do not vex yourself and me, because I have tried to avoid giving you vexations."

Sir Douglas sighed.

"I cannot bear to think that there should be reserve on any point between us. There should be none! Man and wife are one."

"My own dear husband, there shall be none. At this very time I have been debating in my mind whether to tell you of a thing, about —"

"About Kenneth?"

"Oh! no. It is about Mr. Frere and Alice."

"Gertrude," said Sir Douglas, impatiently,— "you have a prejudice against Mr. Frere, because he found fault, and cavilled at matters which— which I dare say you could not control, but which are painful to me. I would rather we did not speak of him. Alice has told me —"

"She has told you!"

"Yes; she has satisfied my mind as to

the terms they were upon and the conversation they held. You were quite mistaken as to their purport. I repeat that it is painful to me to alude to what Frere said: — I only hope — Oh! forgive me, forgive me, Gertrude! I am speaking as if I doubted you!"

The sudden change of tone — the mingled pain and tenderness of his manner — thrilled the heart of his wife. She wound her arms round him, and, looking up passionately in his face, she said — "I do not know what it is that has so disturbed you, but never come doubt between us two, I pray God!"

Then, after a pause, she added, — "Do not let us talk of Kenneth. Be satisfied that, even if it was a mistake, it was no thought of self, but of you, — you only, — that prompted me to keep silence formerly about him. He is now happily married: to a most beautiful and fascinating woman. Leave them to their happiness — and let them stand outside the gate of ours!"

As she spoke she smiled — that lovely smile whose sunshine irradiated his days; and beckoning the boy again from his playthings, she set him on his father's knee. Then folding her arms round both, — "This is *your* share of love in life," she said; "be content, Douglas, and do not think of other people's loves and likings."

And so there was peace, but still a cloud. Sir Douglas thought of Frere's prophecy, that the marriage of Kenneth and the "Spanish coquette" could not turn out well; and Gertrude, through all her deep and earnest love, felt the mystery of injustice in the sentence which had accused her of having a prejudice against Frere. How Alice had come to talk of Kenneth (for she never doubted it was Alice) she could not conjecture; and how she could have "satisfied" Sir Douglas after the speeches Gertrude had heard from Frere's lips, was yet more inexplicable.

She imagined a very different explanation from that which had really taken place. She supposed a tearful declaration of interest in that faulty lover, instead of a bitter and perfidious vengeance for his loss.

Ay! bitter. For Alice considered that, but for Lorimer's letter and Gertrude's comments on it to Sir Douglas, James Frere might still be at her side; filling her hitherto cold and lonely existence with *her* share of love, late come, but to which, — now it *had* come, — she held with a wild and clinging attachment. Her love was like a man's love: a vehement and headstrong fancy. It had neither the patient tenderness nor

the innocent trustfulness of woman's heart. He was gone forth; gone forth from *her*, — even she scarce knew where, or for how long, — but gone — gone out into the temptation of pleasing and being pleased elsewhere; and when Alice thought of it, that pale and apparently passionless woman could have dashed her head against the stone embrasure of her turret-window, or thrown herself from it into the deep courtyard below; anything to still the fierce beating of blood to and fro in her brain, and deaden the thoughts that chased each other there, of the dark-eyed, meagre, eloquent man, who had been mocking heaven and his fellow-creatures by the assumption of a character as much acted as any on the stage!

But Alice governed herself, and was outwardly calm. The fox of an evil secret gnawing at her heart should not find her less brave than the Spartan. If she gave way she might destroy him, — she might *hang* him, — those were his words: no matter what they meant: no matter what he was. She would bear, — and live, — and see him again; and rend in pieces any one who attempted to thwart her, to rival her in his affections.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

#### THE MYSTERY OF EVIL.

AND when Sir Douglas and Lady Ross, and Donna Eusebia and Kenneth, were all moving from Glenrossie for a season in town, and were to spend three nights in Edinburgh, to show that strange and memorable city to the Spanish bride, Alice altered her usual course of bidding her half-brother farewell on the steps of the great portal, and returning to her lone turret chamber, and told him she would accompany the party as far as Edinburgh, and even stay there a few days after they were gone, with an old friend of her mother's.

"Indeed!" she said in her slow way, with her odd smile; "it's just one of my silly entertainments to see how Donna Eusebia takes new sights; and besides, I'm getting so spoilt by Douglas, that I believe some day I'll follow every foot of the way to London, instead of stopping here."

"I wish you would, Alice," said he, eagerly; "it would do you good."

"Oh! I'd be lost in your great crowd of people; I'm too simple a body for any very grand or stirring life. Except war," she added after a little pause. "I often think I

should like to see a war. I'd like to live in a tent for one campaign, and see the soldier life I've dreamed of so often."

And she looked up at Sir Douglas.

The sights of Edinburgh would have made more impression on the Spanish Donna if she had had the remotest inkling of the great facts in history, or known any of the associations which alone can make sight-seeing pleasant. She was not at all afraid of Sir Douglas, but she was a little bored and oppressed by his eager endeavour to impress upon her explanations to which she was perfectly indifferent. In her opinion the principal sight in Edinburgh, for the time being, was Kenneth's foreign bride. She was the sort of woman who liked to be thought beautiful, even by the waiters who brought in luncheon at the hôtel, or the doctor who came to advise about the family health. She was also the sort of woman who set down to her own beauty all notice, even the notice that in some measure was the result of other circumstances. A certain peculiarity of dress, of walk, of side-long flashing glances, would have prevented Donna Eusebia from passing along unnoticed, had she been far less handsome than she undoubtedly was; but in her own opinion that notice resulted from the obvious fact that nothing so lovely had ever before passed along Princes Street, or looked from Calton Hill. She could hardly bear to accept the offer of Sir Douglas's field-glass to assist her vision, for fear some chance passer-by might miss the sight of her own bright yet languid eyes, finding that foolish telescopic block an obstacle to his admiration. She also panted to get from Edinburgh to London, that great arena of conquest, where gaieties, and balls, and operas would give back her natural opportunities of enjoying life, and leave her little satin clad feet in peace, unmolested by proposals to take a stroll in glens where the birch-tree shivered, or over the rough heather of unwelcome hills.

It was the last of the three days consecrated to their inspection of modern Athens; Sir Douglas's eagerness had waned in the atmosphere of indifference wherein his communications on all subjects seem to fade and dissolve; and the group of relatives were rather silently taking their final saunter home, when little Niel, Sir Douglas's son, caused the foremost of the party to look round by a loud "*don't*, Aunt Alice!" spoken with childlike impetuosity and anger.

"Neil, Neil! oh, fie, what a voice!" said Gertrude, as with a tender smile, but a

warning gesture of her hand, she turned to the boy.

"It is Aunt Alice's fault," said he; "She gave me such a shake, such a nasty rude shake to my shoulder, only because I said there was a blind pedlar following us, and he oughtn't to follow us."

"I didn't think it kind," said Alice, quietly; "you shouldn't be unkind to the poor; besides, he wasn't a beggar; he only wanted to sell me some Scotch pearls and stones of various sorts."

"Oh, let me buy; let me see these pearls of your country; are they of great cost? Kennett, some pearls, will you?"

The pedlar had retreated some few steps, but, Eusebia went eagerly up to him, and remained chaffering awhile as to prices, in her pretty broken English. Kenneth stood smiling at her, occasionally puffing at his cigar. Sir Douglas and Gertrude were still occupied with a tender little lecture to the new bud of the passionate race, who flushed, beautiful, and only half-convinced, was looking up in his mother's face for its usual store of pardons.

Sir Douglas looked away to the group beyond; he spoke, with a smile, to Alice.

"Eusebia has got her pearls in the palm of that avaricious little hand, and we are rid of the pedlar. He has made a good bargain, I am certain; look with what an air he saunters off. More like King Jamie's 'gaberlunzie man' than a common beggar."

For one instant Alice's eye fixed on Sir Douglas with that closed glitter of scrutiny which made them so like a cat's. As she lifted them she met Gertrude's glance, and shrank from it. At that moment the pedlar dropped one of the cases he had been showing, and was proceeding apparently unconscious of the loss, when Alice and Gertrude simultaneously moved forward to restore it to him. Alice was nearest. She hastily picked up the case and handed it to the man. As she did so, Gertrude heard her distinctly utter the words, "To-night, at ten: I am not afraid."

That evening Gertrude could not help watching Alice. She was quiet as usual. Once or twice she alluded to the journey the others were to make the next day, and the necessity of rest for all. She herself felt fatigued, she said, though she had not done much. As the clock neared the hour of ten, she rose and bade good-night, and glided away.

Gertrude's heart beat hard; she felt anxious and irresolute. That tension of the sense of hearing came to her which comes to us all at such times. She rose, and crossed

the room to the open window for air; as she did so she heard the rustle of a silk dress passing the door. She sat down by the window, and leaned out. Stealthy and swift, in an instant, from the hotel door to the corner of the street immediately under the window, came feline Alice. The 'gaberlunzie man' was there. He spoke one rapid sentence, and pointed in a certain direction. Alice crossed the street and got into one of the carriages that ply for hire; and when Gertrude's eyes returned from following her to where the pedlar had stood, he was gone!

She sat like one in a dream. The clustering lights, low and high, that make the opposite side of the strangely cleft city of Edinburgh look like a dark bank covered with scattered stars, seemed to tremble and waver with an odd life of their own. The soft moon rising beyond the tumult and stir — beyond the grim old castle — beyond the woe, the want, and the wickedness of earth, taking her soundless path through the blue ether, and illumining the clouds as she passed; the murmur of voices, the roll of wheels, the patter of footsteps, the occasional break of so-called "street music," torturing the ear with a vague caricature of some well-known melody — all these things — things visible or things audible — seemed to reach Gertrude's senses through a thick dull medium; that wall of thought that shuts out minor impressions from the inner brain.

Sir Douglas touched her gently on the shoulder: "My love," he said, "if you could only see how tired your face looks you would follow Alice's example and go to bed."

As Lady Ross passed to her room she looked into that where Alice should have been. All was still and empty. The moon shone on the white unruffled quilt. No one was sleeping there.

And no one entered there while Gertrude's weary eyes still waited for the sleep that would not close them, for long, long hours, till at day-dawn an irresistible impulse urged her once more to visit that blank place: all was as it had been the night before! Over the smooth quilt where the moonbeams had then shone the sunrise was now stealing; but no one was sleeping there! Had Alice eloped?

No! Alice reappeared in the morning as if indeed all had been a dream. She passed Lady Ross on the staircase, coming up as the latter went down. She spoke in her usual slow, calm tone.

"Is it not a little early for breakfast?" she said; "but I will be with you directly."

I have been down to the sitting room to get my bonnet and gloves, which I left there last night."

And when the chambermaid of the hotel came into Alice's room, at the hour she had been desired to come, no difference could have been perceived between the condition of that and any other of the sleeping-rooms occupied by the party. The pillow was fairly indented, and the covering duly ruffled, and the towels tossed here and there, and the pretty embroidered slippers kicked irregularly under a chair. All looked as if, instead of swiftly passing up, first to the sitting-room and then to her own, as soon as the hotel was open and while few busy servants were about, the "lady in No. 62" had risen and dressed for breakfast like her neighbours.

Yet Alice had only taken seven minutes and a half to make all these picturesque arrangements!

And Sir Douglas, when they parted, embraced her very tenderly, and hoped to see her stronger and better when he returned in the autumn to Glenrossie. But Gertrude shrank more than ever from her alien sister-in-law. Even supposing her to have rashly married James Frere, and to be irrevocably entangled in the meshes of his destiny, what consummate self-possession and hypocrisy had she not displayed the night of that mysterious interview! Either the pretended pedlar was James Frere himself, or a messenger from that evil man. His height, his air, and something in his step when walking away, favoured the supposition in Gertrude's mind that it was himself; and as to disguise, he that was so clever in all things might well be supposed able to contrive one that should baffle the very keenest observation.

## CHAPTER XL.

### THE COURSE OF EVENTS.

If ever that Tantalus thirst, the love of admiration, could be satisfied, certainly it should have been in the exceptional case of Donna Eusebia's triumphal progress through the London season. She "made *furor*," as the foreign phrase terms it. A hundred *lorgnons* were aimed at her sparkling face as she leaned from her opera-box; her graceful arm half nestled in scarlet and gold shawls, and Moorish bournouses of white and gold, black and gold, purple and gold, as the fancy of the evening moved her; for

Eusebia had as many shawls and gowns as our vestal and over-rated Queen Elizabeth.

She laid her dresses and wreaths out in the morning on her bed, and studied what the evening should bring forth. She tried on her jewels at the glass, and rehearsed the performances of her *coiffeur*. She tossed a white blonde mantilla over her glossy head, and stuck orange-blossoms under the comb, and tossed it off again, to replace it with heavy black lace and a yellow rose. She sat mute and motionless, contemplating her own little satin shoes with big rosettes to them, and then sprang up and assaulted that bewitching *chaussure*; pulling off the rosettes, and putting in glittering buckles; relapsing thereafter into the mute idolatry of contemplation. She wore her jet black hair one day so smoothly braided that her head looked as if carved in black marble, and the next it was all loose and wayward and straying about, as if she had been woke out of a restless slumber, and carried off to a party without having time allowed her to comb it through. All the London dandies, — half the grave politicians, — a quarter of the philosophic sages, — and a very large proportion of the Established Church, both high and low, — thought, spoke, and occupied themselves chiefly with the fact of the appearance of this Star of Granada. The pine-apples and flowers of every great country house, and the time of the masters of such houses, were at her entire disposal. It was rather a favour conferred than received, when she consented to accept a peer's ticket for some state show, or the opening ceremonies of Parliament. Statesmen sat round her after the cabinet was over, and indeed in some cases were even suspected of hurrying the happy moment of their release from such duties, in order to be in time to ride with her in the Park. Bishops wrote her facetious and kindly little notes. Poets extolled her charms in every measure possible in the English language, including the doubtful possibility of hexameters. Beautiful fresh young girls were presented at Court and made their *début* in the world of fashion, and the greatest compliment that could be paid to the mothers of such as were brunettes was to say that "about the eyes," or "cheek," or "chin," or "mouth," or *tout ensemble*, they had a look of Donna Eusebia. It was thought the most monstrous reply that ever was made, when handsome Mrs. Cregan, Lorimer Boyd's old friend, said, with a saucy smile at the supposed resemblance to her young daughter, "God forbid!

I had rather my girl were ugly, which she is not."

The only person who approved this speech was poor Lady Charlotte, who was at once puzzled and outraged at the way in which "the Spanish she-grandee" threw her daughter, Lady Ross, into the shade. She fretted over it: she even cried over it; and was only moderately consoled by the argument of the victim herself, who repeated gently, "But you know, my little mother, it is the brilliant people who are admired in the world, and I never was brilliant. As long as Douglas thinks me beautiful, I do not care if the whole world thought me so plain that they were forced to turn their heads another way to avoid seeing me as I passed by. Do not let us grudge Eusebia her triumphs; she really is so beautiful, and her singing is so wonderful, and she is altogether so unlike anything one ever saw before!"

To which insufficient comforting Lady Charlotte was wont to reply, as she dolefully pulled the long ringlet, "Yes, my dear Gertie, I know all that, but she isn't *real* — and I like things that are real. You are all real, you know; and you don't make nasty little sticky curls with gum and sugar, and plaster them down on your cheek, nor try your things on all day before a looking-glass, nor spend all Sir Douglas's money in getting new jewels. However Kenneth can afford it, I'm sure I don't know! That butterfly of diamonds she had on her forehead last night cost seven hundred and forty pounds. I know it did, because I saw it, and wanted it the day I went to Court, only I was too sensible to buy it; and now *she* has got it, with its beautiful long trembling horns, and wings that lift up and down; and you had nothing on but that necklace of Scotch pearls! I can't bear it — I can't!" And a little whimpering cry was stifled in Lady Charlotte's embroidered handkerchief, as in days when she wept for Zizine.

And Gertrude smiled, and kissed the faded little woman, and repeated for the hundredth time how dear to her was that necklace of Scotch pearls, Douglas's gift; and how *he* thought it became her more than any ornament she had — except, indeed, the turquoise chain which was her mother's own wedding-gift.

To which Lady Charlotte mournfully replied, that she "knew all that was said to comfort her," but that it really was enough to break one's heart to see how Eusebia was spoilt and run after. "And you are



so foolish, Gertie, I must say, though I don't mean that you ain't clever in some things; and, indeed, if you sang like that I shouldn't at all like it, though *that* is thought very clever, it seems! But you are foolish in one way: always talking of Sir Douglas as if he were the only man in the world. Now there are hundreds quite as good judges as he, and they are all running after Eusebia, which is what provokes me so, I don't know what to do. But I can tell you, my dear, that it don't do to think *only* of what one man thinks, though I hope, of course, you will always be a good wife, and I am sure you will; and your dear father and I never had a word in our lives. But still, depend upon it, a man always admires you more if ever so many more men admire you, because my experience tells me *that*, and the fact is, Donna Eusebia *tries* to be admired, and you don't; and she gets all the men to make a fuss about her: and it is very wrong, and very provoking, and quite frets me down. And, also, I can't see what right she has to be staying here, making conquests of everybody in your house, and making you really—somehow—*second* in this house! Why can't she and Kenneth go away and live by themselves?"

This last question was, indeed, more pertinent and to the purpose than the usual maunderings of the owner of lost Zizine. Kenneth had been "by way of" coming to stay with Sir Douglas till he found a suitable house in town. But week after week rolled away, and the houses proposed to him were either too small, too shabby, in too unfashionable a locality or too dear—the latter reason being the preponderating one, for nothing would persuade Kenneth that he was not to find a sort of palace, and pay for it as a common bachelor lodging.

Meanwhile he felt no more scruple as to his dependence on his uncle's hospitality than he had felt all his life in such matters. Donna Eusebia never gave it a thought. And Old Sir Douglas, struggling to be just, to be indulgent, and somewhat repentant of a secret revulsion of feeling at the time Alice confided her false confidences to him about her conversations with Mr. Frere and his Scotch neighbours, took little Neil to sleep in his own dressing-room, that the sleeping-nursery might be given to Eusebia's French maid (for even a handsome house in London will not lodge double its expected number of inmates without some little contrivance), and made the best of all small murmurs from Lady Charlotte, ex-

igancies from Donna Eusebia, and provoking assumption of a right to expect everything, as a matter of course, from Kenneth.

But the London season, though certainly tedious, is not eternal. It came at last to an end. Eusebia farewelled her numerous adorers with a coruscation of glittering smiles, interspersed with the prettiest sighs, shakes of the head, and promises to see them all again the following spring. She allowed the Queen's ministers many parting audiences, — and permitted herself to accept a riding-whip encrusted with jewels from the Austrian ambassador. Grave statesmen forgot their personal comforts, in the bewilderment of their regret, and had to return upstairs, and hunt for heavy-handed umbrella or walking-stick, which is the awkwardest phase of all the small prosaic realities of life, after an emotional or sensational farewell. Young attachés smoked treble the number of cigars they were accustomed to, — musing on the blank days soon coming in which there was to be no Donna Eusebia, — and felt all the more feverish and discontented in their exaggerated cloud of tobacco. The Bishop of ——— endeavoured to point out to his wife how agreeable the musical talent of the Spaniard would be in their country house, if his helpmate would propose such a visit, but found an unchristian stubbornness in that worthy lady as to the point in question. And in the midst of such regrets, jealousies, lamentings, the beautiful Eusebia vanished away to Spain!

Nor did she return to comfort the sorrowing adorers of her brief period of glory for a very considerable period. What with debts, and difficulties, and laziness, and wilful wanderings; what, with Eusebia's detestation of the idea of a residence at Torrieburn, and Kenneth's habit of living *au jour le jour*, and thinking only how much pleasure could be crammed into each; what with (in short) all the small and great impediments, — the importance of whose aggregate amazes us when we stand still and consider their influence on long lapses of time, — it was full seven years from the date of that London triumph, when Kenneth and Eusebia once more drove up to the stone archway of Glenrosie Castle; bringing with them the only offspring of their marriage, — a little girl as picturesquely beautiful as her mother, but very unlike her; pale and timid, with such a wealth of shy love in her eyes, that they scarce seemed to belong to a mere child, when she looked up at you. And, after the relatives had once more met

together, it seemed to Gertrude that she was receiving a different Kenneth and a different Eusebia. Sharp and querulous was the tone adopted by the beautiful Spaniard; sullen, dogged, and provoking, Kenneth's manner in return. Her beauty endured, — but it was more hard, more bright, more *assisted*, than before. Her coquetry had kept in harmony with that change, and seemed bolder and less harmless. Her child she treated with perfect indifference, except when some sharp reproof as to its way of standing, looking, or moving, escaped her lips. And Gertrude observed that at such times the little creature would retreat, and put her tiny hand into her father's, and that Kenneth's sulky bitterness to his wife increased tenfold for the nonce. He was evidently unhappy and disturbed in mind; and Eusebia weary of his destiny and its difficulties. The passion of bygone days had passed away like the light off the hills. They were sick of each other, and of their mutual anxieties; nor had they been guests many days before each made the embarrassing confidence of their griefs against each other, to the person least willing to hear them; namely, Gertrude herself. In vain that sweet peace-maker endeavoured to heal differences. To Kenneth the preaching of indulgence, patience, and the strength of family ties, was simply "bosh." To Eusebia the expectation of fidelity and discretion, economy, and a willingness to retrieve money embarrassments, by residing quietly for some brief years in the only real home her husband possessed, was all impossible nonsense. She looked upon a wife's duties as on a mercantile ledger. The *per contra* had not been deserved by Kenneth, and she did not feel bound to pay it to him. A cold mist seemed to enter with them into the genial home at Glenrossie; but even Gertrude little foresaw the strange turns of fate that were to follow.

Maggie was the first to enter into the storm. The money difficulties which had long oppressed Kenneth had rebounded upon her, in the tightening and denial of a thousand little resources for her simple pleasures. He had cut down trees she and his father had planted "at the back o' the hill:" he had raised, and again raised, the rent of the mills; which the old miller was loth to surrender, and unable to keep up. His letters to his mother had been more like commands severely issued to an imprudent steward than requests to a parent; and, finally, he had taken his affairs out of

the hands of Sir Douglas's factor (as too indulgent), and made over their management to the factor of Dowager Clochnaben; the very man of whose connivance with foes in the matter of the cart-wheel, Maggie and her father had gone to complain the day Lorimer Boyd discussed their right to do so with his mother.

Maggie was glad to see her son — her altered son! So glad that a little of the gladness brimmed over even to Donna Euseebie. She asked him if she mightn't walk with him to the Mill, the day he announced his intention to go there. Her large blue eyes — the only beauty still perfect in her rapidly-coarsening and reddened face — looked wistfully into the eyes of her "ain lad."

"The auld man's gettin' no that strang," she said.

Kenneth made no answer.

"And his sicht's no sae gude as it has been," she added doubtfully.

"He seems still to have a sharp eye to his own interest," laughed Kenneth.

Maggie was a little puzzled, and a little fearful, lest, in her pity for her father, she should make him out too infirm for business. She tried an echo of Kenneth's laugh.

"Ou ay," she said; "he'll do weel yet, aye readin' his ain bills, and settlin' a'."

"Well I'm going to 'settle a' to-day, my dear mother, and make an end; for things really *can't* go on as they have done for years past."

Maggie turned, and walking as they were, she flung herself full on Kenneth's breast. "Ou, Kenneth, my ain lad, my wee bairn, my bonny king o' men, ye'll deal saftly wi' the auld man, for your ain mither's sake! He's a' wheen daft noo, wi' sair trouble, and mither's laid by wi' rheumatis. Will ye gie me a promise now, Kenneth? Will ye gie me a promise, my ain bonny lad?"

The awkward coaxing, — the attempt (ah! poor Maggie, how rare such attempts in you!) to seem what she was *not*; to seem cheerful, hopeful, and relying, when her soul was fainting with fear — revolted Kenneth instead of touching him. He half-turned, half-repulsed her embrace; and said severely, "Mother, business is not for women; never let us talk business."

And then those two — close knit by the holiest of human bonds, sundered by every circumstance of life and its accidents — walked on in silence together to the door of the Mill.

From The Spectator, Feb. 16.

## THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE changed position of the French Empire is visible throughout the Emperor's Speech. There is apology in every line, often true, always able, but still apology; and there is also a fretfulness which tempts the Emperor to menaces so little concealed that the Speech will send down the funds on half the Bourses of Europe. Napoleon knows well that the rise of Prussia, the failure in Mexico, the evacuation of Rome, the reorganization of the Army, are all subjects upon which the judgment of his people is opposed to his own; and on each he offers an explanation so carefully studied that it sometimes conceals the most patent facts, on each he finishes with a more or less open threat. His proud, self-confident frankness has disappeared. Ten years ago the Emperor would have said he quitted Mexico because his people were not willing to fight America, and that their unwillingness was wise. To-day he calls his retreat "spontaneous," and hints, without asserting, that, had the United States menaced him, he would have prolonged the occupation. "The Government of the United States comprehended that want of conciliation would have prolonged the occupation, and embittered relations which, for the welfare of both countries, should remain friendly." The Americans are not likely to be gratified by the additional hint that the restoration of the Union, which really caused the evacuation of Mexico, was part of "an inauspicious concurrence of circumstances." Ten years ago he would have affirmed that he believed the unity of Italy necessary to order, that he knew his people to be opposed to his views, but that "they would understand him yet." To-day he destroys the vast popularity he has acquired among Italians, — a popularity which did not forbid grumbling, but which was very real, — and makes of all Italians secret foes by saying, "If some demagogic conspiracies should audaciously seek to threaten the temporal power of the Holy See, Europe, I do not doubt, would not permit the accomplishment of an event which would cause such great perturbation in the Catholic world." The thrill of wrath which will pass through Italy as Italians read that sentence, which condemns North and South to perpetual separation, and seems to perpetuate the most hateful of all existing tyrannies, will secure one great result for Europe. It will end at once and forever the Napoleonic project of fed-

erating the Latin races under the headship of France. As to Prussia, the Emperor is more frank, but not less fretful. He boasts that France, without arming a soldier or moving a regiment, stopped Prussia at the gate of Vienna, which is true; quotes his uncle to show that the unity of Germany was predestined by Fate, and is, therefore, not his fault, which is nonsense; and adds, "the greatness of the Empire of Austria is indispensable to the general equilibrium," which will be understood in Berlin to mean that he accepts the alliance of Vienna. In every sentence about foreign affairs, there is an apology and a menace, and the new tone of the Speech culminates in the defence for Army reorganization. "The Empire is Peace," said Napoleon, as he mounted the throne. "The influence of a nation," says Napoleon after fifteen years of sovereignty, "depends upon the number of men it is able to put under arms," — a doctrine which, if accepted, means that the "age of conquest" is not "over," that the ruinous competition of armaments must continue until every man in Europe is a drilled soldier. "I notice," said the man who made Prussia, "that God is usually on the side of the big battalions." Italy enraged, Prussia ordered to leave Austria alone, the Union told that her victory was "inauspicious" for France, the world warned in plain terms that Napoleon *will* arm, — no speech so dangerous as this has been uttered in Europe for fifteen years. "Foreign relations," says the Emperor, "are all satisfactory." "Our connection with England becomes daily more intimate," and, therefore, I double my Army. "Prussia seeks to avoid everything which might arouse French susceptibilities," but must avoid weakening Austria, too; "Russia is not disposed to separate her policy in the East from that of France;" Austria is the same, and, therefore, as everything is peaceful, "the influence of a nation depends upon the number of men it is able to put under arms."

No compensation is offered for all these disturbing hints in the way of additional liberties for France. As a matter of fact, we believe the decree of 11th January will be interpreted in a sense liberal beyond expectation; but the Speech does not affix that interpretation. On the contrary, the Emperor offers his cordial thanks to the majority of the Corps Législatif, who have supported the Absolutist régime, and trusts it will continue "to disdain the dangerous Utopias and excitements of parties," — in other words, to obey orders emanating from himself. That is not liberty as Frenchmen

understand it, any more than universal armament is peace as understood in Great Britain.

From the Spectator.

A FIFTH-MONARCHY MAN. \*

THE Fifth-Monarchy Men are the only persons who ever seriously strove to establish a theocracy in Great Britain. That fact alone would invest them with a certain intellectual interest, which is greatly increased by the other facts that they very nearly succeeded, and that the instrument through whom they at one time hoped to attain success was Oliver Cromwell. The Rev. E. Rogers, therefore, has done a most acceptable service to all students of history, in putting together the memorials of "John Rogers," Preacher, and leading Fifth-Monarchy Man, in an accessible shape. He has, on the whole, too, done his work well. He might, by possibility, have made his book a little more readable if he had formed a more definite idea of his hero; but it might also have been less true, and he has given his readers quite enough material in the shape of John Rogers' writings, letters, conversations, and autobiographical reminiscences to enable them to form a fair judgment for themselves. John Rogers was, we take it, one of those men in whom a certain intensity of nature, which in our day would have thrown itself into philanthropic effort, exhausted itself in religious speculation, having for its end the improvement of the human position in this world as well as the next. The son of an orthodox clergyman, whose ministry was exercised chiefly in the Eastern Counties, and who was ejected by the Puritans for Royalist opinions, he was at ten years old "roused" by the preaching of Dr. Fenner of Malden and Stephen Marshall of Weathersfield and Finchfield in Essex, to a deep concern for his soul, a concern which took the form, natural in his time and at his years, of terrible physical fear of hell. "I began now to be troubled, being scared and frightened, and out of fear of hell I fell to duties, hear sermons, read the Scriptures (though I know not what I read, but only thought the bare reading was enough, morning and evening), and learned to pray, at first out of books, and all the graces, so called, that

I could get. And besides family prayers I was afraid every night lest the devil should carry me away to hell, if I did not first to myself, whilst my brother, my bedfellow, was fast asleep, say my prayers and my 'Our Father,' and 'I believe in God,' &c., and the Ten Commandments, and my little catechism (Dr. Hall's), which I had learned, and this I did every night duly before I durst sleep, and I made as much of them as of a charm to keep me well that night, which else I conceived the devils would tear me to pieces. And yet sometimes, when I was sleepy, to make the more haste I should say some of them at least, to be in a forwardness, in the chimney corner, whilst I was unbuttoning me, or untying my hose, or the like, preparing to go to bed, thinking all was well enough, so 'twas but done, only sometimes, though I was unwilling to it, yet out of fear I remember of the Devil, or some mischief, being ready to fancy anything to be the Devil, I should say my prayers or commandments, or catechism, or all, twice over, suspecting I said them not well enough before." In this state of mind he remained for years, and, as we imagine, it affected his health until at one time he saw a vision—a naked sword which barred his way through a gate, and through which he ran unhurt, and at other times "saw devils every foot in several ugly shapes and forms," and at others tried to commit suicide, or became, as he says, a fit subject for Bedlam, "thinking he saw the damned roasting and their frisking and frying in everlasting torments." At last earnest prayer, so earnest as to produce a kind of coma from physical and intellectual fatigue, delivered him from this torment, and peace as of a soul redeemed fell upon his spirit. Thenceforward he often suffered from fretfulness of the body, enduring imprisonment, for instance, very badly, with many complaints of stinks, and generally feeling bodily discomfort very keenly, but never lost the serene confidence that God was with him, John Rogers. Whether He was or could be quite so fully with any of John Rogers' opponents is another matter. The prayer that God may forgive has been possible to many Christians, but the completion of that prayer, the acknowledgment "for they know not what they do," has been possible only to Him and to those few minds to which a sovereign love of justice has imparted an insight which to feeble men seems almost supernatural. It was in such a character to feel a special temptation towards the study of "Necromancy and Nigromancy," and to write poetry

\* *The Life and Opinions of a Fifth-Monarchy Man.* By the Rev. E. Rogers. London: Longmans.

about "Dives and Lazarus here and Dives and Lazarus there," which he could not find money to publish, "wanting a purse," but which, if we understand the man at all, might, had they been published, have lived. At last he obtained three calls, — first, to the ministry, as he believed from the Lord himself, who revealed Himself in a vision; then to the Parliamentary side in politics; and then to preaching, first, at Toseland, near St. Neots, and afterwards in Essex. In 1648, being then twenty, he married a daughter of Sir Robert Payne, Knight, of Midloe, in Hants, and settled as Rector of Purleigh, near Malton; but speedily abandoned this place, hating his congregation hard, if we may judge from a farewell letter, joined the Independents, and preached in the City on behalf of the Long Parliament. Thence he proceeded to Ireland, where he quarrelled with the Baptists, who took his congregation away, and returned to England in 1652 a convinced Fifth-Monarchy Man.

The Fifth-Monarchy Men were all Independents, but bore to them the relation which the Mountain bore to the Convention. Actuated first by the ideas now called "Red," that is, by an overweening sense of the worthlessness of all man-made laws, gradations, usages, and habits, by impatience, as Carlyle calls it, of human "clothes," and secondly, by what is now called philanthropy, i.e., a keen sense of the misery social arrangements inflict upon all upon whom they press, the Fifth-Monarchy Men declared war upon sacerdotalism and legalism in all their forms. Law they considered another name for despotism, and Rogers in one of his epistles gives a curious picture of the iniquity practised by the bailiffs, who seem to have been as much hated as the agents of the Church more than a century before. "These monstrous locusts 'have stings in their tails' (Rev. ix. 10), not only the priests and prelates, and so Antichrist's ecclesiastical army, have their tails as officials, commissaries, proctors, registrars, and such like, that did grievously afflict and torment men, but also the lawyers, Antichrist's State army, have their long tails too, with terrible stings, and such are solicitors, clerks, bailiffs, serjeants, gaolers, and such like, and it is so much to their advantage in tormenting men to have terrible tails that they will have none to execute their warrants, writs, orders, or the like (as near as they can), but the most cursed, graceless villains they can get, and by this means are men (in the country, above all places) abused by bloody villains,

drunken sots, who sit night and day drinking and swilling upon an honest man's score whom they have served with a warrant or so, and yet use him (it may be), if he be a man fearing God, worse than a dog, in beating, bruising, pulling, threatening and abusing him all manner of ways, if he do not fill their pouch with money and their paunch with liquor up to the throat. These torment so with their tails that some men had better be hanged right out than so used, and (v. 6) 'seek death, but cannot find it,' 'Mors optanda magis,' whiles clubs and canes lie thumping upon the backs of poor people that once come under the bailiffs, being so cruelly plagued, pulled away from their wives, hailed up and down by head and ears, bereaved of their relations, and robbed and spoiled of their estates and comfortable subsistence." They hated priests and lawyers, and believing the Old Testament absolutely divine, found in it warrant for expecting a Fifth Monarchy, with Christ himself visible in the flesh as Monarch. Like their intellectual kinsmen, the Jacobins, they looked across the Red Sea to the promised Land, hoped, when all the strife was done, to see a millennial reign of brotherhood and peace. Their business was to prepare the way for His coming by sweeping away the priests and lawyers, all rubrics and human laws, and setting up the divine law in their place. This Divine Law they found in the Commandments, interpreted by believers whose code of interpretation should be their own consciences, and who should be invested with nearly absolute power. "Now this law, statute-book, and judgment-seat of God must be set up in the Fifth Monarchy, and then shall we be restored to (1) God's laws; (2) in our own language, (3) read, and expounded, and made known to the people, (4) at free cost, without charge, (5) justice will be had at home then, and judges sit in all the gates of the cities, (6) and every man plead his own cause, (then no need of lawyers), (7) justice will not be delayed, but speedy, (8) and executed without gainsaying, according to the law (set) of God, and without respect of persons, (9) then judges shall be as at first, and justice also in every city, and (10) then the Lord will be our only lawgiver, and the law abide for ever, without alteration, as there is now, and ought to be, in the forms of men." In short, the Fifth-Monarchy Men wanted to make the chief of the State a Christian Khalif or absolute expositor of a divine law, and to govern society through cadis or judges, who within the written and



divine code are absolute. That scheme will work, as we know from Arab experience, though it stereotypes society, and it was very near being tried in Britain. Fortunately for England the "Barebones Parliament," a perfectly honest assembly, which meant to try it, broke down, quarrelling with the only man who, had he been less of a statesman, could have secured to the new scheme of social life a sincere trial. Englishmen as a body never liked it, the singular instinct about facts which stand to our race instead of acumen being revolted by the proposal, but the Army could have forced on some sort of an experiment. Cromwell, however, though strongly moved by the Fifth-Monarchy Men, who, as he said to the last, were not far from God, was a statesman who understood England, and though he accepted many of their propositions — forming, for example, a Council of Thirteen, after the number of the Apostles — still used his power in a secular spirit. Finding that the Barebones Parliament was detested, he procured a vote surrendering its powers to himself, turned out those who resisted, and was chosen by the Army Lord High Protector. One of his first acts was to arrest the chiefs of the Fifth-Monarchy Men, Major-General Harrison, Colonel Rich, and Mr. Carew, with Feake, Vavasor, Powell, and Simpson among the clergy, and though he spared Rogers from lingering kindness and regard, still he was at last provoked, by a solemn service of humiliation which Rogers held for the Lord Protector's sins, to cause him also to be thrown into prison. There he demanded a trial, which Cromwell refused, saying the Law would take his life away, but he was at last brought before the Protector in Council, and the account of the interview as reported by Fifth-Monarchy Men is curiously life-like, Cromwell struggling all through to speak as statesman without being too secular. He kept on saying that Rogers was not imprisoned for conscience' sake, but as a "busybody," "railer," and "seducer," or as we should now say seditious person.

"O. P. — 'Well, well, you are known well enough, and what spirit you are of. We know you, and to call your sufferings for Christ when they are for evil-doing is not well: yea, it is Blasphemy; yea, I say, Blasphemy again, for all your lifting up of your eyes, and I tell you, yea, you, that in a good box of ointment a little thing — a dead fly — may spoil all, yea, a little fly.'"

Rogers would have it that the "Army was Apostate" and Oliver, a man who clave to the sins of his predecessors, which were precisely the speeches the Protector could not endure to have made. His Highness, too, was a little impatient of long talk and of prophetic interpretations, saying very bluntly, when Rogers got on his hobby and began talking about times and seasons, that he understood nothing at all about it. Perhaps the oddest bit of the conversation, historically considered, is the following, which imputes to Cromwell, most probably on good grounds, a design of using the tithes to maintain the poor on Louis Blanc's system, as expressed in his celebrated phrase, "Le droit du travail."

"O. P. — (Being angry, looked on his Army men.) 'See' (said he) 'and so all is Antichristian, and Tithes are so too, with you; but I will prove they are not.'"

"Ro. — 'My Lord, you were once of another mind, and told me you'd have them pulled down, and put into a treasury.'"

"O. P. — Did I ever say so?"

"Ro. — 'Yea, that you did, in the Cock Pit — the round place there; and said, moreover, that the poor should be maintained, and put to work with what remained of them, that we might have no beggar in England.'"

The end of it all was that Mr. Rogers was taken back to prison, and there remained in great discomfort — with intervals of direct ill-treatment from the soldiery — till January, 1657, when he was released by Cromwell's order, and instantly began plotting again. The plots of Fifth-Monarchy Men were very formidable, for they always addressed themselves to the soldiers first — the one offence no Government is able to bear — and were always ready to rely upon the arm of flesh. They always had a large following in the Army, and were besides men of that kind of energy which we now call Jacobin, an energy, that is, which has no particular clothes to impede it, and were, therefore, as formidable as Reds are to a Continental government. Cromwell, aware that they had a real General among them, Harrison, on 3rd of February, 1658, arrested them all except Rogers, who, nevertheless, stood openly by his comrades in the dock. On 3rd September the great Protector died, and Rogers found himself a leading member of the second of the three parties under the Protectorate of Richard Cromwell, and contributed to the formation of the most dangerous Government which ever held power in England — the Govern-

ment of the Rump, or relics of the Long Parliament. The time, however, had become unfavourable, and the fall of Sir Harry Vane was the end of John Rogers' public career. He fled on the Restoration to Holland, but returned to London and lived quietly—though watched by Government—as pastor of St. Mary Magdalen and physician, being admitted by Oxford to the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and displayed, it would seem, very considerable medical brain, having always, as we gather, an intense sympathy with his fellow-creatures. This, in truth was, as far as we can judge, the root of his nature. He was a Red before his time, and a Red of the only true kind—a kind fast disappearing—a man who would sweep aside, and, if necessary, sweep with a sword instead of a besom, every obstacle which impeded the earthly well-being of those for whom Christ died. Peace be with him, though he was a “fanatic!”

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From the Spectator.

#### IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN IN 1866.\*

THIS book is interesting only from one point of view: it is a curious psychological study, another of the strange proofs always cropping up of the power of the Roman Catholic Church to drug the imagination as well as the conscience. Lady Herbert, kindly natured and *devote*, hungering for the sunshine which visits us so rarely, set out for a winter tour through Spain, and gives us now her impressions of the country. The accidental advantages of birth, position, and creed were all in her favour, had she chosen to penetrate into the innermost heart of that most impenetrable of people; and we might have had a valuable record of facts from her pen; as it is, we close the book feeling that concerning Spanish legends, Spanish Monks, and Spanish sisterhoods we are possibly somewhat wiser, but that of Spain and the Spaniards we have learnt nothing, or the reverse of the lesson Lady Herbert intended to teach. For her Spain is a land of women and priests, all the history of the past is lost upon her, she is blind to the most obvious symptoms of approaching storm, deaf to the rumblings that precede the earthquake.

\* *Impressions of Spain in 1866.* By Lady Herbert. London: Richard Bentley. 1867.

Everything, from the lowest to the highest, is viewed through the windows of an infallible Church; the chocolate must be good that is offered by Catholic hands, the words must be words of truth and wisdom that come from the lips of a Catholic priest.

The woman who has perhaps more than any other of her race made the name of Bourbon hated, and certainly done her utmost to degrade the land she rules, as well as the name she bears, “has a frank and kind manner, which is an indication of her good and simple nature;” while one interview with the Queen’s confessor is quite sufficient to impress Lady Herbert with “his extreme personal holiness,” and convince her that he never interferes with the affairs of the nation! “Contrary to the generally received idea, he never meddles in politics, and occupies himself entirely in devotional and literary works.” How not so? Did Lady Herbert expect Father Claret to give her his views on the future of Spain, or reveal the secrets of his own confessional? “One of his books, she writes, *Camino recto y Seguro para llegar ab Cielo*, would rank with Thomas à Kempis’ *Imitation* in suggestive and practical devotion.” Possibly *Thomas à Kempis* lay on his table; we doubt not his surroundings were unexceptionable enough, and “there is a veneer of obviousness which covers many a falsehood.”

There are some good notices of the pictures in which Spain is rich, and with which the world at present is but little acquainted, and the gallery at Madrid compensated the travellers for discomforts which have proved intolerable ere now to people of less refined taste and determined purpose. Perhaps one of the pleasantest features in the book is the light touch with which Lady Herbert paints annoyances which indicate a state of semi-barbarism. We only wish, with her capacity for surmounting difficulties, she had achieved something worthy of the effort. But with regard to the pictures, we are told no one out of Spain can so much as image what Murillo is, namely, the great mystical religious painter of the seventeenth century, embodying in his wonderful conceptions all that is most sublime and ecstatic in devotion and in the representation of divine love.” To account for our non-possession of some of these higher marvels of Murillo’s genius, our authoress accepts the explanation of the English Minister, who told her “the English generally carried off only those of Murillo’s works in which the Catholic feeling was not so strongly displayed.” This is certainly very humiliating,

but lest we should over-estimate our loss we will look at one of Velasquez's "inimitable portraits," described as full of sublime piety, namely, his "Crucifixion," "with the hair falling over one side of the Saviour's face, which the pierced and fastened hands cannot put aside." The mind that could enjoy that picture must indeed have drunk deeply of the spirit of asceticism, and we are thankful even for the bad taste which has failed to appreciate the sublimity of the very refinement of imaginary torture.

From the galleries of Madrid, its convents, and its hospitals, the party passed on to Cordova, and we have a beautiful engraving of the Mosque, now used as a cathedral, and a very perfect description of its architecture. Through a beautiful Oriental Court, from which all entrances are closed except the centre, they passed into the mosque, "a whole forest of pillars" bursting upon them, "with horse-shoe arches interlacing one another." "The Moors collected these pillars, of which there are upwards of a thousand, from the temples of Carthage, Nismes, and Rome; some are of jasper, some of verde antique, some of porphyry, no two alike. The roof is in the form of a shell, exquisitely wrought out of one single piece of marble." But the neighbourhood of this monument of a power which has passed away is a scene of desolation, broken walls, ruined gardens, and dry fountains. And in strict keeping with the whole is the Hermitage, where seventeen men of high birth and good fortune enjoy the onesided, stunted life which Catholicism has pronounced holy. These men keep "a perpetual fast," "are not allowed to write or receive letters, to go into one another's cells, or go out of the enclosure except once a month, when they may walk in the mountains round, which they generally do together, reciting litanies." Lady Herbert is loud in her admiration of these ascetic forms of life, delighting in them as in the perfect shading of a picture, which else would prove too dazzling in its brightness; but her enthusiasm reaches its climax when visiting the Sisters of the Order of St. Theresa. To visit their great convent in Seville "the English lady had obtained special Papal permission." This, indeed, was the key to many an open door which ordinary travellers would find closed against them. If the Papal authorities had any misgivings about admitting an Englishwoman, still as might be supposed having possession of her reasoning faculties, into the gloomy recesses of this most austere of Orders they were amply rewarded for their

confidence in their own controlling power. The book itself might have been written to magnify the saintly order, to whom the English traveller was the first person they had seen face to face, or with lifted veils, for twelve years. Their convent is "like a cellar—cold and damp, and they have no fires." "They maintain a perpetual fast, living on the dried stockfish of the country, are not allowed to sit except on the floor, and rarely to walk in the garden or go even into the corridors to warm themselves in the sun." And yet this cheerless, miserable death-in-life finds a strange beauty in our traveller's eyes, "our self-indulgence being, as it were, atoned by their self-denial, our pampered appetites by their fasts and vigils." Confidently she predicts the day when, "our eyes being opened like the eyes of the prophet's servant [who was he?] we shall see from what miseries, from what sorrows we and our country have been preserved by lives like these, which save our Sodom, and avert God's righteous anger from His people." In congruity with this, we find the terrible Being who is propitiated by lives like these is worshipped best in darkness and gloom. The women all wear black in Spain, and "the absence of all colours to distract attention in the house of God, made the English lady sigh more eagerly than ever for a similar reverent and decent fashion to be adopted at home." Did she ever contemplate the light embodied in the colouring of a single leaf, and exclude the thought as sinful? or chant, "The sea is His, and He made it," without a slight misgiving, lest into the deep darkness of spirituality some faint reminiscence of coral or of pearl should enter?

"Holy Week" was spent in Seville in the midst of services in which admiration for the skill of the "maestro de ceremonias" and delight in the wailing minor music, "the lament of angels over the lost, in spite of the tremendous sacrifice," are strangely blended. Nothing dwarfs the intellect like materialized theology, and in her worship of black drapery, and pictures and images shrouded in black, as in the universal custom in the days preceding Easter, Lady Herbert clearly does not perceive the force of the passages she quotes, "Passion-Tide veils the face of the Crucifix, only that it may be more vivid in our hearts." It seems scarcely credible that she could so utterly miss the truth underlying that statement.

But the gaudy, barbaric processions which distinguished Easter in Seville were too glaringly absurd even for Lady Herbert's most pliable code of aesthetics. She doubts

not but they were good for the people themselves, but is evidently glad when "the great unwieldy catafalque" is hidden from the light of the sun, and she can record the effect of the brilliant mass of light thrown upon it from the tapers, as it was borne through the profound darkness of the aisles, as beautiful in the extreme, though even then she has some slight misgiving as to the propriety of "a Blessed Virgin decked out in all the paraphernalia of a fine lady of the nineteenth century." We must combine this with sentences like the following:—"By his energy and perseverance this monthly periodical [*The Cruz*] has been started in Seville, which is an event in this non-literary country;" or, "Ah, the misery of those wayside stations in Spain! one long, low room, filled with smokers and passengers of every class, struggling for chocolate served in dirty cups by uncivil waiters." "The dirty, lumbering diligences," the mules everywhere flogged unmercifully, the perpetual, though most unintentional admission that for all the intolerable bad management of Spanish officials "*there is no redress in Spain*;" the exorbitant prices paid for "rancid oil, stale eggs and birds that seemed to have died a natural death;" the bull-fights, which even this most lenient of eye-witnesses is compelled to admit to be, "as at present conducted, simply horrible and inexcusably cruel and revolting." Through chinks like these we get glimpses of the actual state of civilization in Spain more clearly than from the testimony of twenty enemies. The beauty of the sepulchre, even seen through the eyes of a devotee, does not wholly conceal the rottenness within. We are grateful to Lady Herbert for the unconscious service she has rendered to the cause of progress.

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#### MORE ABOUT THE BIRDS.

The writer of the following communication authorizes us to say that he will subscribe fifty dollars to the proposed fund for the domestication of the European skylark in the United States.

"To the Editors of the *Evening Post*:"

"I am sure that there are few of your readers who have not felt an interest in the

articles which recently appeared in your columns on the subject of the naturalization of the European sparrow. It is gratifying to know that, in addition to enjoyment derived from his cheerful twitter and confiding boldness, the value of this bird, as the best of all vermifuges, has been fairly established among us. May we not feel encouraged to essay something for the introduction of one of his brethren whose merits, though perhaps of a less strictly utilitarian character, are so elevating, so inspiring, so entrancing even to the rudest mind, as to warrant at least an effort for his acquisition? I refer to one of the sweetest and certainly one of the most, if not the most, poetical of song-birds—the European skylark. Inferior only to the far-famed nightingale in the melody of his note, he altogether surpasses him in many other gifts. We have but one American bird—the bobo-link—which in any respect resembles him.

"Can the skylark be domesticated among us? Most decidedly. That has already been done, though, I believe, to a very limited extent. He is known to have been bred here. The climate is well adapted to him in every respect. In the eastern hemisphere he ranges throughout almost its whole extent. Here his only danger would be that of lawless massacre by cockney hands. In this particular, however, there has been a welcome improvement during the last few years, and at present the laws, in this State at least, if only tolerably enforced, are sufficiently stringent to give him a fair chance for life.

"It is now the proper season to import foreign birds. By the middle of April we could have a supply of skylarks, should orders be given within a week or two. I have learned from one of our principal bird-dealers, that they can be delivered here at two dollars each, in lots of not less than a hundred. Surely there is enough of superfluous wealth among us to warrant, at least, a moderate outlay for an effort, which if successful, as it must be, would in a few years make our whole land vocal with a new and exquisite harmony.

There is no time to be lost, if the effort is to be made this year, and it would be useless to make it on a small scale. I give to you with my address, the amount which I would feel able to contribute to such a fund.

"P. R. S."

From the New York Evening Post, 5 March.

#### THE RECONSTRUCTION ACT.

It is not necessary for us to discuss a document like the President's veto message, which was so ably refuted by the democratic Senator from Maryland, and which has so little force that in spite of it the work of reorganization under the act is already beginning in the southern States.

We trust the people of all the southern States will act like men of sense, and accept what is inevitable. They now have the matter in their own hands; if what the President says in his veto about the monstrous effects of the military part of the Reconstruction act were correct, they would still have it in their power to relieve themselves, in a very brief period, of every evil, and that by mere act of justice.

The act requires them to do nothing wrong; it does not curtail liberty, but, on the contrary, it extends it; it does not seek to diminish the popular liberties, but increases only the number of those who shall exercise them. It does not change the form of their governments, but only places them where all popular government ought to and must reside—in the whole body of the people.

It excludes from political office and power a very few men in the southern States—those men whose faithlessness to their oaths and their duty involved the whole southern country in rebellion. Surely a milder punishment for so monstrous a crime was never before declared.

We rejoice at the signs which come from different southern states of a disposition, on the part of the leading men and of the people, to accept the act, and proceed at once to reorganize under it. From Virginia, North Carolina, Alabama, South Carolina and Arkansas, we hear either publicly or privately of the promise of speedy action for reconstruction. The letter of General Chalmers, of Mississippi, to Senator Johnson which we print elsewhere, shows that there is hope of sensible action in his State also. In short, we may entertain the hope that by next December the new Congress will have representatives and senators from all the States.

We are sorry that the President has let pass the great opportunity he had, by approving and signing the act, to make it more speedily effective. We have no doubt he has acted honestly, but he has made a very grave blunder; he has shown himself blindly obstinate, incapable of appreciating the situation in which the country has been

placed in great part by his own previous acts; we trust that he will partially and as far as is now possible retrieve his error, by faithfully and zealously enforcing the provisions of the act so far as they call for enforcement at his hands. All opposition on his part must cease with the veto.

From the New York Evening Post, 5th March.

#### THE THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

THIS Congress had some singular traits, which, now that it has expired, may be usefully recounted. It was very determined upon generals, but greatly divided upon details. It was timid, yet as tenacious as though all its members had possessed the courage of Stevens. It had the reputation of extreme radicalism, but was in fact a singularly conservative body. It was charged by its enemies with bitter personal hostility to the President, but its action towards him has been in the main kind and considerate, and it is a curious example of its lack of personal bitterness that the White House has, under its rule, and by its appropriations, been, for the first time in many years, very elegantly refurnished and refitted, for the residence of a President who most bitterly denounced the majority.

The Republicans were commonly supposed to be under the absolute rule of Messrs. Stevens and Sumner, but the fact is that those gentlemen had comparatively little power, and were perhaps oftener and more severely disappointed in getting their measures through, than any other members of the House and Senate. Mr. Stevens was called the leader of the House, but he led an army which refused to follow, except when it suited itself, and he had not unfrequently to depend upon the democrats to help him check or disable his own side.

Upon questions of finance and revenue it is certain that the Thirty-ninth Congress was, as a body, ill-informed. The mass of its members had very indefinite notions on those subjects, which must hereafter be the most important which will engage the attention of our legislators. Yet with a wise instinct which guided it in this as in most other subjects, it rejected the more flagrant projects of finance and revenue brought before it; and if it made no great or wise progress, yet it may claim the important negative credit of having prevented



in a degree the imposition of new and injurious burdens upon the country.

On the question of reconstruction it was careful and hesitating; yet determined to come to some conclusion. The mass of its members sought to follow the country rather than lead it; they came to Washington favoring the President's policy, but quickly discovered, what the country did not so soon know, that the conditions under which that policy would be safe and just could not be attained, but were forbidden by the manner in which the President was determined to administer it. It is now plain that Mr. Johnson determined to abandon, not only the party which had elected him to office, but also the principles which it was supposed he had adopted when he permitted the Republican party to take him for its candidate. The Republicans in Congress resented his desertion of the party as a piece of political perfidy; but they regarded his abandonment of the party's principles as a grave danger to the country, as it undoubtedly became. No man can say that it would be for the good of the country if such men as Saulsbury, Cowan and Davis in the Senate, or as Eldridge, Finck, Le Blond or Chanler in the House, or as the Seymours, Woods, Pendletons, Touceys, Blacks and Tom Florences out of office, should have regained power in the country; and it is the President's own fault if the Republicans who at first supported him were compelled, one after another, to oppose him; as lovers of liberty and progress they could not do less. If both sides ran to extremes, at least one side was love of liberty, on the other only adherence to the stale formulas and obsolete superstitions of slavery.

That the Congress did not carry on its long struggle with the President altogether wisely is admitted by very many of its members. It sought in various ways to check and cripple his constitutional power—but it ought, instead of that, to have held him to a rigid accountability for the use he made of it. It passed laws, like the great Civil Rights act, wholesome, necessary, judicious, and then failed to scrutinize the

manner in which the President administered them, but, seeing them ineffective, proceeded to pass other laws, which, on the same principle, must prove just as ineffective. We trust the new Congress will not make this mistake; and we do not believe it will.

A very few ignorant and unscrupulous extremists, and men carried away by personal feeling and interest, helped to give the Congress a bad name by introducing wild and extreme measures, and by the use of violent and indecorous language. But it was in the Congress as it is amongst the people at large, where many foolish things are said and proposed and strenuously urged for a time by individuals, but in the end dropped by the calm good sense of the mass. Thus it was that after endless discussions about the tariff, and after thorough amendments of this outrageous swindle, so as to satisfy all the "interests" which sought subsidies from the government, the hateful and injurious measure was at last defeated, to the great rage of the lobbyists. Thus every effort of the inflationists, no matter how persistent or ingenious, resulted after all in their failure. Thus, too, at the close of the session, the petty scheme of impeachment, brought up in the House, came to naught—the general sense of both Houses being that if the President is to be impeached it should be on the ground of dereliction in great and important public duties, and not on petty personal matters.

The Thirty-ninth Congress was an honest body of men. The number of men ruled by their private interests or subject to corrupt influences was uncommonly small. It was a sober and moral body—there were fewer habitual or occasional drunkards or profligates in it than in any Congress for the last dozen years. That it was, considering the various important questions it had to discuss and decide upon, an able body, we cannot say; but it had true instincts, and in the prevailing ignorance of sound principles of political economy its mere instincts often guided it rightly and yet often led it to refuse action upon questions and bills which would have been injurious to the country.

## QUIET AND STORM.

THEY tell me that a storm is drawing nigh;  
 'T he far horizon shows a purple line;  
 Pale messengers float swiftly o'er the sky;  
 I see them, but I do not care to fly  
 For I am resting safely 'neath my vine;  
 Its green and sheltering leaves will keep me dry.

To-morrow I must journey all the day;  
 They tell me I shall want for drink and meat,  
 There is no hostelry the long hot way,  
 But from my home I carry bread to eat,  
 And wine to make my noontide shelter sweet.  
 I cannot fear, whatever they may say.

I fear not, though the forest may be long;  
 Nor though perpetual twilight shade that track,  
 It cannot turn me from my purpose back:  
 And, through the pine trees, comes the wild  
 bird's song,  
 The sweet blue sky smiles through the shadows black,  
 And flitting lights dance brightly all along.

The quiver of my fears is empty quite;  
 And do you ask me whence my confidence?  
 Whence the unsetting sun which gives me light?  
 The sure hedge which my helplessness doth fence;  
 My quiet, which no storm disturbeth? whence  
 The hopefulness no terror can affright?

I answer, that it is my life which fills  
 My heart with courage, as the flowing rills  
 Live from the crystal waters of the sky,  
 Which hourly strength and joyful hope  
 instills.

My quiet comes from the eternal hills,  
 Which in the everlasting sunshine lie.  
 — *Sunday Magazine.*

## AYRSHIRE CURLING SONG.

*Air* — "Come under my plaidie."

A' NICH'T it was freezan', a' nicht I was  
 sneezan',  
 "Tak' care," quo' the wyfie, "gudeman, o'  
 yer cough."  
 A fig for the sneezan'! hurrah for the freezan'!  
 This day we're to play the Bonspiel on the  
 loch!

Then get up, my auld leddy, the breakfast get  
 ready,  
 For the sun on the snaw-drift's beginning to  
 blink;  
 Gie me bannocks or brochan, I'm aff for the  
 lochan,  
 To mak' the stanes flee to the tee o' the rink!

*Chorus.*

Then hurrah for the curling frae Girvan to  
 Stirling!  
 Hurrah for the lads o' the besom and stane! —  
 "Ready noo!" "soop it up!" "clap a guard!"  
 "steady noo!"  
 Oh! curling aboon every game stan's alane!

The ice it is splendid, it canna be mended —  
 Like a glass ye may glowr on't and shave aff  
 yer beard:  
 And see hoo they gather, coming ower the  
 brown heather,  
 The servant and master, the tenant and laird!  
 There's brave Jamie Fairlie, he's there late and  
 early,  
 Better curlers than him or Tam Conn canna be,  
 Wi' the lads frae Kilwinning, they'll send the  
 stanes spinnan,  
 Wi' a *whirr* and a *curr* till they sit roun' the tee.  
 Then hurrah! &c.

It's an uncolike story that baith Whig and  
 Tory  
 Maun aye collyshangy like dogs ower a bane;  
 And a' denominations are wantin' in patience,  
 For nae Kirk will thole to let ithers alane;  
 But in fine frosty weather let a' meet thegither,  
 Wi' a broom in their haun' and a stane by the  
 tee,  
 And then, by my certes, ye'll see hoo a' parties,  
 Like brithers will love, and like brithers agree!  
 Then hurrah! &c.

N. M'L.

[Curling and golf, we must inform our southern readers who are ignorant of these grand northern sports, are the only public games — and perhaps we might add bowls — in which the Scotch clergy of all denominations, and from time immemorial, indulge. Some of the best and keenest curlers are furnished by the Kirk, who join in the sport without any thought or question regarding the creed of their fellow-sportsmen. Even their morals, if so-so during summer, would receive as charitable interpretation as possible, if in winter, and on the ice, they proved themselves to be steady, straightforward, genial, and, above all victorious curlers. There is a story told of an old minister, who, after service, said to his congregation — "My brethren, there's no more harm in saying it than in thinking it: if the frost holds, I'll be on the ice to-morrow morning at nine."] — *Blackwood's Magazine.*